National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 24. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868. WHOLE NO. 1,450.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

Correspondence.

A CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

NEW YORK, October 5th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE question will Congress hold a business session in November is frequently asked by our friends all over the Union. That such a session should be held at that time is the outspoken opinion of loyal men everywhere. They believe President Johnson should be impeached and removed, and the public service radicalized before March next, and are determined to elect Grant and a Republican Congress by majorities so overwhelming as to leave no room for questioning public opinion on that subject. The common people, the honest, patriotic men of the nation will interpret an overwhelming popular majority in favor of the Republican party at the elections this fall to be a popular demand for the immediate impeachment and removal of the President, and will hold Republican members of Congress responsible for a failure to meet that demand. The safety of the Republican party organization will be endangered by a failure to accomplish that result before January, 1869.

There is also one other measure demanded of the XLst Congress. That is the submitting to the action of the State Legislatures a proposition for so amending the National Constitution as to secure the right of suffrage and holding office to every citizen regardless of race, color, or previous condition, and making it the duty of the State to provide the means of education to every citizen of the Union without money and without price. That much Congress must do early the coming winter, so that the State Legislatures can act upon the proposed Amendment before March or April next.

The necessity of such an amendment has been made painfully apparent by the action of parties in States recently in rebellion. Georgia, on the strength of an opinion expressed by Chief-Justice Brown, has declared her colored citizens ineligible to office under her newly adopted Constitution. Thus in that State the letter and spirit of the reconstruction acts are set at defiance under a rule of construction laid down by a judge elected by radical colored men as a radical, and honored specially by the Chicago Republican Convention. But Georgia is not the only State where such a rule of law will be held to prevail. The Constitution recently framed by the Virginia Convention is liable to a construction that will not only deprive the black man of the right to hold office, but the right of suffrage itself. By a strange oversight, or a deceptive piece of sharp legislation on the part of men anxious to defeat negro suffrage, that instrument fails to expressly define who are citizens of the State of Virginia, and has incorporated into it a provision declaring in force certain codes and statutes of that State, one of which declares none but white men can be citizens. Thus by a foolish oversight or wicked design the colored men are deprived of the right of suffrage, as none but citizens of Virginia can vote or hold office.

I believe I am warranted in the assertion that there was some wickedness connected with that transaction. A provision was adopted in Convention declaring who were citizens of the State of Virginia, which would have placed the right of the colored man to vote and hold office beyond dispute. That provision was left out of the engrossed copy, and on the last night of the session the Constitution was read as engrossed, and passed with that omission. Hon. Charles H. Porter, a member of the Convention, called attention to the fact that that provision was omitted and tried to have it restored, but a majority of the Convention refused to do so. It was claimed that under the rules of the Convention it was too late to make the correction, and there was no necessity for inserting such a provision in that instrument. Thus by a species of sharp practice the Virginia Convention has, so far as it has been able to do so, completely disfranchised the black man.

That Constitution has not yet been submitted to a vote of the people and ought not to be until the Convention again assembles and amends it in reference to the matter of suffrage. Congress must this winter see to it that the negro is made secure in the exercise of that right. The only sure way to do so is by proposing an Amendment to the National Constitution securing suffrage to every citizen on every inch of territory belonging to the Union. Until that is done there is no peace and sure prosperity in the future. Once accomplished, and all the bitter agitations growing out of that question will cease. CHARLES E. MOSS.

INDIAN AFFAIRS—THE SOUTH.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 5th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THANKS in the name of all justice and humanity, to Mr. Phillips for his brave words in THE STANDARD of the 19th inst. Truth is always fearless—*always* inspirative—and we never look for aught else from him; but just at this time a defence of the Indians and a revelation of the *treble conspiracy* in which the Military, Rebel, and Political interests are united; prove how transparent to a *clear* vision are all their fine veils of sophistry.

I have a few more items upon this subject of the Indian war, and the *regime* in the South. It would *seem* disgrace enough to have a war, the result of our own government's broken promises, nay pledges, in which one Lieut-General, and at least a half dozen Maj-Generals, and fifteen thousand troops are fighting unsuccessfully, three or four hundred Indians! Disgrace enough that this war must cost hundreds of millions of dollars, and many precious lives, when the mere *keeping of a promise* would have prevented it. But if this were not sufficient, the *political* situation would make it apparent even to the most unblushing demagogue. There are three reasons why this cruel and needless war will be persevered in for a time (albeit the Peace Commission meets next week in Chicago, but many of the members are deceived, *some* I fear *interested*):—

First, To prevent the threatened reduction of the army:

Second, To force Congress to dismiss the Peace Commission, and return to the old "Indian Ring"—which Heaven forbid:

Third, To justify the absence of troops from the South, in this their *most* perilous crisis.

And this last brings me to a letter recently received from Gov. Warmoth of Louisiana from which, tho' private, I can make the following extracts:

"You are right in saying that the government in refusing to comply with my request (for troops) has put loyalty in the hands of rebels and left it there. God knows what will be the result. If Maine goes largely for the Republicans (since gloriously decided) by increased majority, we will carry Louisiana for Grant, unless Pennsylvania and Indiana reverse the decision." Again, "If Congress meets, urge our friends to provide that the army shall be used to maintain order in these States. The army has nothing to do, and should be used in aiding State Governments."

Every word from the South—every flash of telegraphic news, or letters of correspondents—the barbarous affair at Camilla, the other day—the Ku-Klux outrages every where—the fact that in the *whole* South the "Lost Cause" is identified *with* and intended to be restored by the possible (only to them) election of Seymour and Blair—all these prove how deep, how diabolical are the schemes and machinations of the unscrupulous and disappointed cravens who would even *now* prefer war to honorable and just peace—or *peace* to honorable and just war, if that war or peace could only secure to them their unhallowed designs.

The writer of this came North last fall under the solemn impression that it would be enough to *know* these facts, and the whole North would be awakened, as they were in the first years of the war, to a sense of the Nation's danger. The first thought *then* in view was to aid the loyal people in the South to *Homes*, but if the torch of the incendiary and midnight assassination is to be the result, *homes* and lands are nothing. The question must first be settled, Can loyal people *live* in the South?

This all important, all-absorbing question is to be decided in the coming election. Ordinarily, perhaps, in New York or Pennsylvania it would little matter whether the offices and perquisites were bestowed upon Republicans or Democrats. But in this hour, when it is a question of *life* or *death* to all the loyal in the South, we can but throw our whole earnest efforts with the scale of Republican success, and trust to the very *magnitude* of that success, to keep us from any "reaction" such as we have known for two years. Upon this *moral* wave we must bear our people and our political leaders so far beyond the *possibility* of return, that to do justly will be the only thing possible—not for the sake of *heroes* but humanity.

Yours very truly,

CORA L. V. DANIELS.

THE NATIONAL SALVATION.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.. Oct. 3d, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

DEAR FRIEND: My attention has lately been arrested by two editorial articles in THE STANDARD over the signature of Wendell Phillips, which in some of their points have filled me with surprise and pain. If my ears are good, the trumpet there gives an uncertain sound.

With characterization fit indeed of the faults and shortcomings of the Republican party, the general profligacy of its management, the utter uncertainty and unreliableness of Grant, the doctrine is inculcated that, after all, the salvation of the nation, the present deliverance is to be found in and through that party, the hope of the country is there, and its success is earnestly to be desired and by all loyal men sedulously sought and worked for. The present issue, we are told moreover, is the national salvation; this is now primal and overshadows all.

I had supposed, indeed, that as abolitionists, as those devoted sacredly to an idea—that idea justice, unqualified righteousness—we had heard talk the like of that enough in old years, from partisans, compromisers and time-servers, men who would urge just for this once to surrender our principles, and had learned heartily to eschew and renounce it as only a refined sort of infidelity and subtle atheism. What? are we in such straits, so shut up in dire necessities that we have nowhere to look for protection and deliverance but to a party that has neither "principles nor leaders?" That deliberately turns its back upon the thousands of colored men in the "loyal" States whom it has called and forced into its armies to fight for the Union—dastardly turning its back upon these, and surrendering them to be ravished of their rights of franchise, for the sake of its own political success? That bows down utterly to the worship of availability in the selection of its candidate, taking a man not that it knows, some committed outspoken friend of justice and humanity, but a man it does not know, and because it knows him not, one of whom in the particulars for which a man is wanted, especially at this hour, the people are still in the dimmest uncertainty? Is God so reduced to extremity, punished of the adversary, that we may no longer look in immediate trust to Him but must turn now to Egypt for our help?

Not so are the lessons which the friends of freedom supposed themselves to have learned and made good proof of in that terrible struggle of a quarter of a century, wherein they insisted upon an unconditioned obedience, finding no authority so great as God's voice, no exigency so pressing as the requirement of justice, standing thereon themselves, summoning all, individual or church or party, to stand there also, where alone is ground of safety, and condition the only possible for them of co-operation and fellowship. If these principles were unsound their unsoundness ought to be easily and clearly shown.

The abolitionists have stood as witnesses in the midst of a perverse and ungodly generation. They have borne their testimony for most part with singular fidelity and effect. They have summoned a wicked, besotted people to consideration and repentance, standing erect, uncompromising, confirming their testimony by great endurance, through reproach, persecution, sacrifice, and in some instances imprisonment and martyrdom. These were the times of the growth, the inward vitality and prosperity of the church. The word was quick and powerful, and it was through this unswerving fidelity, this faithful preaching of faithfulness that the nation was affected, that its conscience was, in such measure as has taken place, touched and roused. But for this band of ongoing, unintimidated men and women in the old years, we had been to-day as Sodom and Gomorrah, should have perished utterly in our besotment and sin.

We have not yet reached salvation, for we have not yet as a people come to a true repentance. The same duty for the friends of truth and freedom abides. God grant they may not shirk it or swerve! It will be a dark day when the standard-bearers of anti-slavery descend to the plane of the temporizing Republican party, devoting themselves to its success and exhorting their friends to follow. Much as we may detest and deprecate Seymour and Blair with their treasonable platform and auxiliaries, we are driven to no such alternative, are given no such option as this. The voice of the Almightly is, "Forward! summon the nation up to the divine standard of righteousness. They may come to you, ye shall not go to them." The Republican party has always been unequal to its occasion, unable to meet the requirement in the pinch—shall we now be unequal to ours?

To accept and support, in the sphere of conduct, the best that the circumstances will admit of, has always been the doctrine and the plea of compromisers and time-servers, traitors to obligation. Such argument is not new, it is old as the history of man. Like counsels coming from the high sources of anti-slavery wisdom and influence, (I see that Mrs. Child also concludes Grant to be "the best man the circumstances admit of being chosen," and exhorts this time to cast the ballot for him), will not fail to work among the people fresh surrenders of principle, manifold contusion embarrassment and calamity. Let the standard-bearers of truth, the priests and prophets of humanity in our land be merged and absorbed in the Republican party, accepting its morals and exhorting to fellowship and vote in its ranks—the light within becoming darkness—and our fate as a nation is sealed. We have parted with our last instrument of deliverance, our forlorn hope, have lost the eye of our conscience, have sunk our life-boat.

"The immediate issue" is not now, nor ever was it, the saving of the nation. This is never the primal thing either for individual or people. It is first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; first obedience to the divine requirement, integrity, fidelity, justice in the inward parts. It is consecration to duty, to humanity, dedicating and identifying all with this, willing to sink or swim, survive or perish only with the cause of Heaven and the rights of human nature. It is going to the foot of the cross of repentance and right-doing, and bearing the high resolve—if I perish, perish only there. This is the issue that overshadows all, primal forever. He that will save his life shall lose it, and whoso will lose his life for truth and humanity's sake shall find it. Any expedient to save the nation, to preserve its life at cost of ignoring or sacificing the rights of man, no matter what the exigency or necessity, will not only inflict grave injuries upon those it renounces and deserts, but will not save; it *will surely involve and destroy the nation.* That experiment has been tried times without number in history under all the variations and always with one unvarying result. Let us be carried away with no such *ignis fatuus.* The plea of saving the nation once crucified Jesus, and brought also in swift sequence the Roman eagles in countless hosts encompassing the walls of the sacred city. So by the natural operation of the irrepealable laws.

If our countrymen are intent upon repeating this wild and fatal experiment once again, let them do it without help from us in that direction.

Chas. D. B. Mills.

HON. J. WILLIS MENARD.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 5th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

SIR: On last Saturday evening the Republican Convention of the Second Congressional District of this State, nominated, on the third ballot, Hon. J. Willis Menard, a colored citizen, for the short term. This is the first time in the history of this country that a colored man has received a Congressional nomination. This is encouraging to the old anti-slavery toilers. Mr. Menard is a mulatto, and a native of Illinois. He was educated at Iberia College in Ohio, and possesses qualifications, natural and acquired, far above the ordinary grade. He is a good writer, an effective orator, and has every ability requisite for a representative man of the present age. He is the Editor of the *Radical Standard*, a bold and uncompromising sheet which controls much influence among the true radicals here. He does not mince matters in his rigid advocacy of true Republicanism. His steady invectives fall sometimes on our whitewashed Republicans as well as on the guilty heads of the rebels.

His district is largely Republican, and his election is almost certain. Considerable opposition was offered to his nomination, but the address which he issued a short time since seemed to have forestalled the action of the Convention in his favor. Mr. Menard is an upright, sober, unobtrusive and very agreeable gentleman, and if elected, his race and party will have no cause to be ashamed of him. The world moves!

Yours, for Equal Rights, H. G.

MISS DICKINSON'S "WHAT ANSWER?"

MRS. L. MARIA CHILD in a letter to *The Independent* says:

I have just been reading a volume, published by Ticknor & Fields, entitled "What Answer?" And I wish that every person of maturity throughout the length and breadth of the land may read it; particularly at this crisis, when the people need a blaze of light to show them the dangers of the time, and the vast importance of the issues depending upon the approaching election. Many of the most remarkable incidents of the war of the rebellion are woven together by the thread of an interesting story, told in a dashing, spirited style. Some defects it has; but in comparison with its merits, they are too unimportant to dwell upon.

Miss Dickinson concludes her book with the words: "I send it to the hearts and consciences of the American people. May God, for whose 'little ones' I have spoken, vivify its words." He did vivify them in the writing, which is all alive with noble thoughts and generous feeling. It must be a cold heart and a stupefied conscience that, after reading those thrilling pages, could reply to "What Answer?" by any other word than Amen to its appeal. Bad, indeed, must he be who could read her terribly graphic account of the bloody riots in New York, in 1863, and then throw up his cap and "Hooray for Seymour?" That the man whose public proceedings rendered him an accomplice with those brutal murderers, and who unblushingly styled them his "friends," should be nominated for the highest and most responsible office in the nation's gift is an everlasting disgrace to the country, and signally marks the reckless depravity of the party he represents.

It is painful to see that cruelty and oppression have shameless and flattering allies in our very midst. But, thank God, the sacred cause of freedom is defended by a strong and fearless battalion. Not the least effective of its forces is an Amazonian band of noble-hearted, intelligent women; and among the strongest and bravest of them is Anna E. Dickinson. God bless her! L. M. CHILD.

The (Boston, *Christian Register* says:

"In her new book Miss Dickinson has brought up again the heroic action and the memorable words of the color-bearer of the Fifty-fourth at the assault on Fort Wagner. As he was borne, still grasping the tattered flag, into the hospital terribly wounded and bleeding, he was welcomed by the cheers of sick and wounded comrades of both colors, and in a brave, but faltering, voice, replied to them, 'I did but do my duty, boys, *and the dear old flag never once touched the ground!*' Well might the sick man, and even the dying rouse himself and cheer in presence of so brave a soul; well might the bandaged stumps and the armless sleeves wave their welcome. It was a scene the like of which the annals of no war records. Nothing in history more sublime than that—the deed, the language. No wonder at the electric effect. It has thrilled many hearts and called out many tears, and wherever it is known these will follow to attest the great sympathy true souls have with heroic acts, which no dictate of color or caste can keep back. Before heroism all cold, conventional distinction and propriety go down. When every day teaches us the splendid humanity God has done up in colored packages, how long are we going to let bigotry and prejudice close our eyes and steel our hearts against the demands of simple justice? First, yet hardest among duties, is the duty of being just."

THE SOUTH.

THE REBEL BUTCHERY AT OPELOUSAS.

ONE HUNDRED NEGROES KILLED AND FIFTY WOUNDED —DEMOLITION OF THE PROGRESS OFFICE—MR. DURAND LYNCHED—REPUBLICANS TO BE DRIVEN OUT OR KILLED—DISPATCH TO THE HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 5.—The butchery of Republicans at Opelousas was begun by three Rebel Democrats, who had undertaken to chastise Mr. Bentley, editor of *The St. Landry Progress*, in presence of the school which he teaches. A number of Mr. Bentley's friends assembled and were about to interfere, but he advised them to go home, saying that he would sue out a warrant for the arrest of the offenders. Accordingly Mr. Bentley's friends went away, feeling that he was pursuing the wiser course. Mr. B. applied for a warrant and it was granted, but before the officer attempted to execute it a force of armed Democrats took possession of the town, and sallying forth began the work of slaughter, firing upon and killing every known Republican that they encountered. *The New Orleans Bulletin*, a Democratic newspaper, says this morning that *one hundred negroes were killed* and fifty wounded, and that but four Democrats were wounded and none killed. The maddened mob, after rioting in the streets, entered the office of *The Progress* and threw its types and presses into the street. They then drove its French editor, Mr. Durand, into the woods and lynched him. The foreman of the office was ordered to quit the town, and to save his life he came to New Orleans yesterday. He says that it is the Rebels design to drive away or kill every outspoken Republican in the Opelousas district. *The Progress* was established by Mr. Vidal, member of the present Congress. Republicans are flying from St. Landry Parish, fearing assassination if they attempt to dwell there another day. *The New Orleans Crescent* says that Radicalism is done for in St. Landry Parish, at least for this Presidential election.

THE CAMILLA MASSACRE.

GEN. SIBLEY'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

NO INQUEST—NO ACTION BY THE AUTHORITIES—ORIGIN OF THE RIOT—CAPT. MILLS'S REPORT—LETTER FROM CAPT. WM. R. PIERCE, THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

The Hon. J. M. Schofield, Secretary of War:

SIR: I have the honor to forward to you an affidavit sent to me by Gen. Sibley, with regard to the Camilla riot. The General says that no action whatever has been taken by the civil authorities at this date, Oct. 6th, toward bringing the guilty parties to punishment, and no inquest was held upon the bodies, nor investigation had, except by the Bureau, and Capt. Mills, by order of the commanding officer of the District of Georgia, whose report has been forwarded to the commanding officer of the Department of the South. He further says it is not believed possible to bring the guilty parties to punishment through the civil authorities of Mitchell County, they having been engaged in the affair, and justifying it, and no unbiased jury could be found in that county. The General makes no further remarks which relate to this riot, but simply submits the affidavits, together with a private letter from an officer in that county, who makes a special request of him that it shall not be published. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

O. O. HOWARD, Maj.-Gen., Commissioner.

The following is the report from Capt. Mills:

McPHERSON BARRACKS,
ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 29th, 1868.

Brevet Brig-Gen. R. C. Drum, A. A. G., Department South, Atlanta, Ga.:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that, in compliance with paragraph No. 44 from Headquarters, Department of the South, I proceeded to Camilla, Mitchell County, Georgia, on the 23d inst., and respectfully report as follows: A few days previous to the 10th instant, notices were circulated in Dogherty and Mitchell Counties that a Republican meeting would be held at Camilla, Georgia, on that day, and that W. P. Pierce, candidate for Congress for that District, and John Murphy, candidate for Elector for the District, and others, would address the meeting; that, pursuant to that notice, a number of colored people from the plantations between Albany, Ga., and the neighborhood of Camilla, proceeded in a body to the place, accompanied by musicians and a wagon. This crowd numbered 200 or 300 colored people, about one-half of whom may have carried fire-arms of different descriptions. When within two or three miles of Camilla, they were met by M. S. Poore, the Sheriff of Mitchell County, accompanied by four or five citizens of Camilla, who protested against their entering the town with arms, claiming, in accordance with a late proclamation of the Governor, that he was empowered to demand that they should not enter the town with arms.

This demand of the Sheriff was replied to by Pierce and Murphy on behalf of the crowd. They said they were not an organized body, and in no way under the control of any leaders, and that the persons with arms carried them of their own accord; and they assured the Sheriff and citizens of Camilla with him, that they were going to Camilla for the purpose of attending a political meeting, and that their intentions were peaceable and without intent to disturb the peace of the place. I would respectfully call your attention to the in closed affidavits of W. P. Pierce, John Murphy, F. F. Putney, with W. G. Poore, Sheriff of Mitchell County, for a full understanding of what took place between the Sheriff and the freedmen at this time. From the affidavit it will be seen that the Sheriff considered the attitude of the crowd approaching the town of such a character as to induce him to return to town, and prepare the citizens against attack, by directing them as a *posse*, to have their arms ready, in case he should call upon them to assist him in preserving the peace. *I have been unable to obtain any evidence that these colored people, going to Camilla on that day, were either instructed or advised by any one to carry arms with them, either for purposes of defense or violence, or that they seriously expected interruption from holding their meeting;* although from some inclosed affidavits it is alleged that one James Johns, a white citizen of Camilla, had frequently said that no Republican meeting should be held at Camilla; and that on this day, this man Johns, armed with a gun, met the crowd about three miles from town, and told them that they should have no meeting or speaking at Camilla, and that if they came into the town they would be hurt. Upon the crowd entering the town, on the way to the Court-House, they were met by this man Johns, who was intoxicated and armed with a gun. He was boisterous in his manner, and ordered the musicians in the wagon to cease playing. His orders were not obeyed. In some of the inclosed affidavits it is stated that he fired his gun at the people in the wagon; by others that his gun was discharged accidentally, and not in the direction of the wagon. However that may be, the result of the discharge of this man's gun was an immediate fire from both the colored people and the citizens of the place. It was admitted by all persons that this man's was the first gun fired, and that it was discharged without provocation. In conversation with citizens of Camilla this man Johns was described to me as a drunken and dangerous man, and frequently in difficulties, and one whose acts they deprecated; and that on that day he was intoxicated. Under these circumstances it cannot but be considered neglectful on the part of the Sheriff in not seeing that this man Johns was kept out of the way on that day, particularly as he was drunk, and as the Sheriff appears to have apprehended so much trouble from the approaching crowd, and the excitement existing among the citizens of the place. For a full understanding of the occurrences from the time the Sheriff met the crowd advancing on the road to the town, until the firing commenced, with its results, so disastrous in their consequences, I respectfully call attention to the inclosed affidavit, of both citizens of Camilla and persons who were there to attend the meeting. So far as it was possible to learn, the casualties on that day were as follows: Nine killed (colored), and from twenty-five to thirty wounded (colored). Several persons were slightly wounded; they were citizens of Camilla (white); none severely. From the enclosed statements of parties present it will be seen that the firing in the town did not continue many minutes, but the colored people fled to the adjoining woods, and were pursued by the citizens as a *posse* of the Sheriff. Some of them were mounted and some were on foot. Firing of guns through the woods was heard during the balance of the day. The Sheriff, in his affidavit, states that three colored men were killed one mile from town. I have been unable to find any proof that the colored people who went to Camilla that day were advised by any of the white men who accompanied the men who were to address them, either to go armed for defense or violence, but that, on the contrary, the inclosed affidavits show that Messrs. Pierce and Murphy advised and impressed upon them that they should be peaceable and law-abiding in all their acts, as they were meeting at this place (Camilia) in the exercise of their rights as citizens of the United States. That the citizens of the town of Albany were in any way implicated or concerned with the occurrences at Camilla on the 19th, is in no way proven. It is explained in the affidavit of the Sheriff of Mitchell County, that notice of some colored people having left Albany on the evening of the 18th inst, for Camilla, was received by him through a person living in the adjoining town of Newton. This is in no way denied, as by reference to the affidavit of Peter Hines, leader of the band, it will be seen that the musicians, with other persons, left Albany on the evening of the 18th inst. I herewith transmit the proceedings of a meeting of citizens of Albany, Georgia, held on the 6th inst. I will state that information was freely tendered by all parties. I was accompanied by Brevet Major Howard, Sub-Assistant Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees and Freedmen, from Albany, Georgia, to Camilla, and from what I could learn the blacks and whites were peaceably disposed toward each other. In my investigation in this matter I was materially assisted by Maj. Howard; and upon my arrival at Camilla the citizens of that place appeared desirous that the occurrence on the 19th should be investigated. Up to the date of my visit no action had been taken in the matter by the civil authorities of the county, nor any inquest been held over the bodies of those killed.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. MILLS, Sergt. 16th U. S. Infantry.

[A true copy. R. C. DRUM, A. A. G.]

ANOTHER ACCOUNT—TELEGRAM TO A PHILADELPHIA NEWSPAPER.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 5th.—Opelousas, in the parish of St. Landry, has been the scene of a horrible massacre of Unionists. According to *The Bulletin*, a violent Rebel journal, there were one hundred negroes killed and fifty wounded, and of the Democrats (so-called), none killed, and but four wounded. *The St. Landry Progress*, a Union paper has been totally destroyed, and the French editor is supposed to be murdered. This evening's *Republican* publishes a letter from an eye-witness, who says that last Monday three of the Seymour knights went to the residence of and severely whipped Mr. Bentley, editor of *The Progress*, and a prominent leader of the Republican party. Cause, alleged publication of an article to which they objected. News of the whipping of Bentley rapidly spread, and the colored people commenced assembling armed, but were prevailed on by Bentley and others to return to their homes and keep quiet. The Rebels then sent out armed patrols to the various plantations to disarm every Unionist, which they did, according to their own showing, killing one hundred and wounding fifty. Armed patrols of so-called Democrats still hold possession of the country. This evening's *Times* publishes an account of an outrage at Sheveport, resulting in the killing of three Democrats and fifteen Republicans. There is every indication that between now and election day there will be a wholesale slaughter of Unionists throughout the State.

MISSOURI REGISTRATION OFFICERS ASSAULTED.

THREE MEN KILLED AND ONE WOUNDED.

The opening of the registration offices in Audrain County, Mo., was the signal for an attack by the Rebels upon their hated neighbors, the Republicans, and the result was the temporary suspension of registration. The office was reopened on Monday in one of the precincts. On Wednesday the Board repaired to Martinsburg, and, as it was about to begin its work, one Fletcher handed an anonymous letter to a young man named Reedy, ordering him to leave the place in fifteen minutes, as he was suspected of having given information to the Registrars. The insolence of Fletcher, and his threatening language to the officers called for an order for his arrest, when he sprang for the door, waving a pistol over his head, and shouting to the crowd without to come on and maintain their rights. James Golloway, one of the Registrars, immediately drew his pistol in self-defense, when a ruffian rushed upon him, presented a pistol at his head, and as he was about to fire, Galloway shot him dead. Instantly Golloway was shot in return, but not seriously wounded, when he turned to his would-be murderer and shot him also. The firing then became general, and forty or fifty shots were fired. Fletcher fleeing, but in the attack was himself shot by a stray bullet and instantly killed.

A REPUBLICAN MURDERED AT HIS WEDDING.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6th.—A letter was received in this city yesterday from the Clerk of the Superior Court of Robeson County, North Carolina, containing the details of a brutal murder that was committed in that State on the 27th of September, at Ashpole, about twenty miles from Lamberton, the county seat of Robeson County. A daughter of Roderick Hill, a Republican residing at Ashpole, was being married at her father's house to a young man, also a Republican, and during the ceremony, a large company being assembled, shots were fired through the window from without, the bride-groom being instantly killed and the bride seriously wounded. It was subsequently ascertained that a party of men disguised, had surrounded the house and thus committed the deed. The Sheriff of the county is investigating the murder, and endeavoring to ascertain who the murderers are, but with little hope of success.

From the National Ga. Republican.

VIOLENCE IN WARRENTON.

WE have been shown a letter, written at Warrenton on the 29th, relative to the course of the Ku-Klux Democracy at the Republican mass meeting which was held, or attempted to be held there on the 28th. From this letter we learn that the large crowd of loyal voters were denied the customary privilege of using the Court House square for the purpose of holding their meeting. They then repaired to the colored church, where one or two speeches were heard. By this time, however, the Klan commenced gathering, with guns, pistols, etc., with evident determination of duplicating Camilla.

As the Republicans were unarmed, and as they did not aspire to the honors of martyrdom, they promptly dispersed.

THE NORTH CAROLINA REBELS ARMING.

RALEIGH, Oct. 8th.—Gov. Holden informs Gen. Miles, commanding this district, that he has trustworthy information that several hundred Henry and Spencer rifles and accoutrements have been imported into the State and distributed to organizations styling themselves Seymour and Blair Clubs. Gen. Miles replies that he has the same information, and has reported the fact to Gen. Meade. Both are determined to preserve the peace and sustain the State Government. It is thought that paroled Confederates are engaged in the movement.

The Charleston (S. C.) Advocate in closing an account of the Camilla massacre, says:

"The only comment we need make on an affair so transparently savage as this—an affair that might bring a blush to the cheek of a murdering Camanche, is, that if the Southern people wish to put down free speech, they had better adopt a better method. They appealed to blood-spilling once before, it left them where?—amid graves and ruins. It may leave them so again."

GEN. MEADE'S ORDER DISTRIBUTING THE TROOPS.

ATLANTA, Oct. 9th.—Gen. Meade has issued the following order, No. 27, which distributes the forces under his command to points where he deems it necessary to enforce the laws and preserve peace. The order says:

Whereas, By an act of the Congress of the United States, approved March 2d, 1865, it is made the duty of the military authorities to preserve the peace at the polls at any election that may be held in any State; and

Whereas, This duty has become more imperative from the existing political excitement in the public mind, from the recent organization of the civil government, and from the fact that Congress has by statute prohibited the organization of military forces, in the several States of this Department, it is, there ordered: [Here follow the distribution of the troops, and instructions to District Commanders.] District Commanders will instruct Post Commanders in their duties, and the relative position of the civil and military powers; they will impress upon Post Commanders that they are to act in aid and coöperation, and in subordination to the civil authorities; that they are to exercise discretion and judgment, unbiassed by political or other prejudices; that their object should be exclusively to preserve the peace, uphold law and order; they must be satisfied that that is the object of the civil officer calling on them for aid; they must in all cases, when time will permit, apply for instructions to superior authority; but they must at all hazards preserve the peace and not be restrained by technical points when in their conscious judgment, under the rules above set forth, it is their duty to act. Post commanders on being notified of the proposed holding of political meetings may send an officer, and if necessary, a detachment, to watch the proceedings and see that peace is preserved.

To the people of the several States comprising the Department, the Major-General Commanding appeals that they will coöperate with him and the civil authorities in sustaining the law and order, in preserving peace and avoiding those scenes of riot and bloodshed and wanton destruction of property and life which have already, in

instances, been enacted in the Department. He recommends abstinence from all inflammatory and incendiary appeals to passion; discountenances the keeping open of liquor shops on days of political meetings and of elections, the refraining from carrying arms, and from assuming the right of the individual to construe the laws by force of arms. No just cause is ever advanced by resort of violence. Let there be charity and forbearance among political opponents whatever may be the result. Let each citizen determine that all who under the law have a right to the ballot shall exercise it undisturbed; and if there are disputed points of law, let them be referred to the Courts, and let not mobs, or political clubs, or other irresponsible bodies, construe and undertake to execute the law. This appeal is made in the earnest hope that the Major-General Commanding can rely on the good sense and correct judgment of the mass of the people, and that he may not be compelled to resort to the exercise of the power with which he is intrusted and which he will most reluctantly employ. But he thinks it his duty to made it known that, so far as the power under his command will admit, he will not permit the peace to be broken, and that he will not be restrained in the conscientious discharge of his duty by technicalities of law made when the present anomalous condition of affairs was not anticipated or provided for.

THE NEW REBELLION.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

THERE was, some years ago, in India a tribe since put down by the strong hand of the Government. The hereditary business of this Oriental Ku-Klux-Klan was homicide, and robbery was its constant recreation. It waylaid unsuspecting travellers, and having knocked them on the head, or strangled or stabbed them, it concluded by rifling their carpet-bags. These pleasing professors of the Fine Art of Murder, although extremely enthusiastic, and even fanatically devoted to their trade, did not publish a newspaper; and in this respect the Thugs of Alabama are rather in advance of their Eastern prototypes, being, indeed, the first organization of banded murderers in the world which has arrived at the dignity of an organ. *The Tuscaloosa* (Ala). *Monitor* (R. Randolph, Editor) is a curiosity in its way, and is just the journal which the East Indian Thugs would have printed, if they had printed any journal at all. We must premise of this agreeable sheet that it proudly bears the names of Blair and Seymour at the head of its homicidal and incendiary columns. It openly avows that should these persons be elected to the places for which they have been nominated by the "Democratic" Convention, the work of wholesale lynching at the South will begin. In order that there may be no mistake about the methods to be employed (as the editor is pleased to say) "on the Fourth of March, 1869," *The Monitor* gives a rude wood engraving in which two "carpet-baggers" are represented suspended by the neck from a tree, with the legend, "Hang, curs, hang!" The genial Randolph adds: "The unprecedented reaction is moving onward with the swiftness of a velocipede, with the violence of a tornado, with the crash of an avalanche, sweeping negroism from the face of the earth. The happy day of reckoning with these white-cuticle scoundrels approacheth rapidly. Each and every one who has so unblushingly essayed to lower the Caucasian to a degree even beneath the African race, will be regarded as *hostis sui generis*, and be dealt with accordingly, if found hereabout when the time is ripe for action." *The Monitor* is good enough to give us a particular description of the *modus operandi*, as follows:

"We candidly believe that the picture, given to our readers *ut supra*, correctly represents the attitude and altitude of all foreign and domestic foes of our land who shall have the folly to remain 'down South' after the ides of March. The contract for hanging will be given to the negro, who, having mounted the carpet-bagger and scalawag on the mule that he *didn't* draw at the elections, will tie them to a limb, and, leading the said mule from under them, over the *forty acres of ground* that he also didn't get, will leave the vagabonds high in mid-air, a feast for anthropophagous.

"P. S.—It will be seen that there is room left on the limb for the suspension of any bad Grant negro who may be found at the propitious moment."

After this exhilarating description, which is very much aided by the wood-cut above mentioned, *The Monitor* calls the public attention to "a Scalawag Justice of the Peace named A. H. Sealy of Hickman's Beat," who has "discharged a rascally negro from custody," and "suggests that Sealy and Jack (the negro discharged) be turned over to to the mercies of a Ku-Klux-Klan, or some other good society protectorate." This mild hint to a band of bravos to commit only a couple of murders comes, it must be remembered, from a sheet enthusiastically devoted to the election of Horatio Seymour, and which proposes after his inauguration, on the 4th of of March prox., to hang without judge or jury all Republicans, including "any bad Grant negro who may be found at the propitious moment."

In order to prove that the ruffians are perfectly capable of executing the atrocities which they recommend in a public journal, it is enough to show, by their own exultant confessions, that they have already executed the like. Thus, *The Monitor* says: "Five notoriously bad negroes were found swinging by the necks to limbs in the woods of Colbert County, a few days since. *They had been guilty of making threats against the Whites.*" If threats were a capital offense, pray how long would "R. Randolph, Editor," escape strangulation? Here is another specimen of *The Monitor's* persuasive ways:

"Scalawag Cloud of Montgomery, and carpet-bagger Lakin of Nowhere, arrived here Thursday. Cloud, the Radical Jockey, comes as trainer of Lakin, the negro-loving jackass. The one is a long slim creature of the *natrix* kind; the other is a stout, puray reptile of the genus *batrachia*. Both would make first-rate hemp-stretchers. For further information they may regard the wood cut elsewhere. Next week we will give a more elaborate description of the *varmints*. We would not take a good deal for this fresh game."

Here follows the promised description of "the varmints:"

"Lakin and Cloud, poor devils! visibly shook in their shoes while here. The zig-zag manner in which their noisome names were registered at the hotel indicate great tremor of the fingers. Every fellow they met on the streets appeared, to their alarmed fancies and guilty consciences, to be Ku-Kluxes in disguise. Now and then, as they would pass by a crowd, some cruel man would give an unearthly yell, that made the round-bellied ignoramus Lakin fairly shake from fright, 'like a bowl full of jelly.' It was our desire to have these unworthies stay here at least a week or two, so as to provide us with 'food for sport.' They have departed hence forever

—"'Thro' the world
A curse will follow them like the black plague,
Tracking their footsteps ever—day and night,
Morning and eve, Summer and Winter—ever.'"

This is the style in which this unflinching supporter of Blair and Seymour proposes to inaugurate a peace after the election of those worthy gentlemen. It will be indeed a peace which surpasseth all understanding.

It appears that this Alabama paper, which is ready to hang "any Grant negro who may be found at the propitious moment," has not the least objection to Blair and Seymour negroes as witness the following affectionate advertisement printed in its columns:

SEYMOUR AND BLAIR BARBECUE AND PUBLIC SPEAKING!

At the University grounds, near the city of Tusaloosa, on Saturday, the 19th of September, 1868. Everybody invited, both white and black. Persons wishing to subscribe either money or provisions will please call on John Glascock, Esq.

This is an odd way of "sweeping negroism from off the face of the earth," which, in another place, R. Randolph, Editor threatens to do "with the swiftness of a velocipede and with the violence of a tornado." These slight inconsistencies occur in the very same issue. In one part of the paper the negro is invited to come to a Seymour barbecue, and to partake freely of roast pig and whiskey; and cheek by jowl with this hospital overture is a threat to sweep all blacks, "from off the face of the earth." This is to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest with a vengeance. In one column *The Monitor* says: "We contend that White men must rule America; and whilst we are willing to have negroes protected from cruelty and injustice, we at the same time are not willing to place them on a footing, political or social, with the descendants of Adam." In another column, "Everybody is invited, *both Black and White*," to attend a Blair and Seymour Barbecue! Unfortunately, "the five negroes" who were hung in Colbert County, for making threats against the "Whites," were not able to be present at the Tuscaloosa Barbecue to swell the exultant, heaven-reaching shout for Blair and Seymour.

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The Independent, commenting upon Gen. Butler, and the opposition to his re-election, says:

"Over and over again, we have uttered our protest against Gen. Butler's financial views. Nevertheless, we would deplore his defeat in the pending Congressional election as a National calamity. His great ability, his distinguished services, his undaunted courage, and his keen-sighted radicalism make him one of the most useful statesmen of our time. He is wanted in Congress to fill the niche which Thaddeus Stevens left vacant. Who else can fill it so well?"

* * * * * * * * * *

"Fancy how every rebel, from Boston to Mobile, would shout for joy at Gen. Butler's defeat! The Democrats of Massachusetts would roast an ox whole, and the rebels of Georgia would burn a negro alive, in honor of the event. If there is one Northerner whom Semmes, Toombs, Forrest, and Wade Hampton would like to catch in a dark night, and leave hanging on the limb of a tree in the morning, it is Gen. Butler; and, for lack of actual hemp, Mr. Dana is the next best rope they hope to do it with."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

THE SITUATION.

FOR the first time in our political history the colored men of the several Southern States are this Presidential year recognized voters, their co-operation at the polls sought by both of the great parties. They were enfranchised experimentally in the process of reconstruction. They were *not* guaranteed fundamentally, as they should have been, AND MUST BE, in the right to vote and to hold office, by an additional amendment of the National Constitution. As left by Congress it has become at the present time a pivotal question whether the colored men, who received the ballot in the initial process of Reconstruction shall—now that their States have been readmitted to Congressional representation, on the old theory of State control of suffrage, whenever they or their white friends are in the minority—be deprived of it? As related to the welfare of the colored people, therefore, the pending political canvass is one of immediate and unusual importance.

In the ranks of the Copperhead-Rebel party there is at the North uniform opposition to negro suffrage; while at the South there is the double appliance of terrorism and cajolery brought to bear upon the negroes to either prevent their voting at all, or to win, by their own help, the opportunity to deprive them altogether of the ballot, and to regain the "Lost Cause." The assumed friendliness of the Rebels in some instances is a repetition of the hospitality proffered by the spider to the fly. The action of the Georgia Legislature in defiantly expelling all the regularly elected members found to have more than one-eighth negro blood in their veins; the Camilla massacre, and the horrible butcheries of negroes and loyal whites in many portions of the South, furnish the real commentary upon the Rebel-Democratic creed and purpose. The Northern wing of the party, since the Seymour riot in this city, has been overawed and restrained by public opinion from such fiendish exhibitions of negro-hate as are now transpiring at the South. Every attempt, however, to enfranchise those colored men of the Northern States who are yet disfranchised, is bitterly resisted by the Copperheads on every hand. They are practically a unit with their Rebel allies of the South in seeking to wrest the ballot from the Southern blacks, and to restore the old order of things, slavery and all, despite their hypocritical pretensions to the contrary.

The Republican party, without having embodied it in its programme of action, by the force of circumstances during the war period, had the "greatness thrust upon it" of proclaiming the final overthrow of chattelism. Also in the extention of suffrage, irrespective of color, in so far as it has been accomplished, that party, in legislation, has been the chosen agent. The Republican party yielded to the "military necessity" for interference with slavery. In like manner, in Reconstruction, it yielded to the political necessity which it found to exist for enfranchising colored men. The result is that to-day they are at the South voters. But, unequal to the occasion, wanting in manliness, and statesmanship, Congress rested in the old and obsolete theory of State control of suffrage, and left the blacks of the South, though theoretically equal before the law, in very unequal conditions in fact, without land, and the means of defense, to maintain against cruel and heavy odds, their right to the ballot. At the North a time-serving, cowardly policy has prevailed in relation to the question of suffrage for colored men. What self-preservation has impelled Republicans to do at the South, their sense of justice is not strong enough to accomplish at the North. In the presence however of the rampant, "red hot" Rebel-Democracy, re-organized under the leadership of Seymour and Blair, to secure by ballots what, under the lead of Davis and Lee, they failed to achieve by bullets, the Republican party is the only organized political contestant. Events since July have re-drawn the lines of the war-time. The Rebel party resolves upon the overthrow of the new state governments at the South, organized upon the basis of equal suffrage for the colored people. In this purpose, with the re-establishment of slavery as the ultimate end in view, the Rebels and Copperheads are a unit, as during the war they were one in sympathy. The organized political forces for the resistance, and we trust triumphant discomfiture of the treasonable pro-slavery hosts are under the circumstances, inevitably marshalled in the ranks of the Republican party.

It is especially gratifying to Abolitionists that the needs of the negro for suffrage have become to a great degree a necessity of, and closely identified with the success of the relatively loyal party.

For conscientious non-conformists, for men and women whose reliance is primarily upon moral power, whose weapons are spiritual, and not less mighty than an "army with banners," for the overthrow of the strongholds of injustice—for such there is still, as in the past, a field of pre-eminent usefulness, outside of political party limits. Always numerically insignificant, they are eyes to the multitudes of the morally blind of their generation, the beacon lights of an advanced civilization. They are instant in season and out of season, irrespective of public crises or party emergencies, and urgent that justice be done for its own sake. While organized injustice continues, may this conscientious few, superior in perception, as in real power, never be less.

Of the defeat of the Rebel party at the polls in November, according to the latest indications of public opinion, there is happily scarcely room for a doubt. Our chief concern is that important measures which have already been too long, and needlessly, delayed, involving the general welfare, but especially that of our clients, the colored people, should be at the earliest possible day, matured and put in operation. We hoped for a session of Congress for earnest work this month. We urge that such an one be held next month without fail, begining with the conditional date fixed upon at the last adjournment. The case of Georgia has rendered it evident beyond question that Congress has additional duties to perform towards the newly organized States. A "glittering generality" indeed must be that Constitutional provision which proffers the pledge of the general government to each State of a Republican government, if Congress may not properly take prompt cognizance of such high-handed, outrageous proceedings as have occurred in the Georgia Legislature. Let there be no postponement for a new, incoming Administration to deal with this problem. It is a responsibility which belongs to the XLth Congress, and by it should be promptly met. We hold that, with a fair interpretation of its present powers, it is entirely within the scope of its legitimate authority for Congress to forbid by statute law, any disfranchisement, or proscription from official trust, in any State of the Union, simply on the ground of color. To this greatly needed action we summon it. That assurance may be made doubly sure, let it be supplemented by an additional Constitutional amendment, less readily repealed than a statutory enactment.

Rioting and murder have all too long been allowed their fearful and cruel sway in the South. Congress owes it to the long suffering, heroic and self-sacrificing loyalists of the South, and to the general welfare, peace and prosperity of the whole country, to put forth its arm of authority and suppress the Ku-Klux. It should begin with the treasonable Chief of that murderous fraternity, and this time make sure, as it easily may, of deposing him, and driving him in disgrace from the White House. His ominous and defiant military order issued the present week, looking to continued conflict with Congress, stimulating afresh rebellious resistance and murderous violence in Texas and elsewhere, affords ample evidence, added to the large accumulation of the past, that the safety and dignity of an endangered and disgraced nation requires that, though it be at a late period in his official term, Johnson should, in November, be impeached anew, and this time deposed from office. Three months with WADE in the Executive Chair, and harmonious co-operation with Congress, would not only afford immediate relief to the South, but would furnish a wholesome, radical key-note, as a precedent for the incoming Administration. Assuming as, at this date, we safely may, the decisive defeat of the Rebel party at the polls, let earnest Radicals take time by the forelock and prepare to reap the ripe fruit of complete victory.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.

THE important elections held on Tuesday last, we have much pleasure in being able to announce, resulted in a very decisive defeat of the negro-hating, Rebel-Democracy. The probable majorities, as given this (Wednesday) morning, are twenty-five to thirty thousand in Ohio, fifteen to twenty thousand in Pennsylvania, and about ten thousand in Indiana, with a proportionate result in Nebraska, in favor of Republicans. It has become a generally accepted maxim that as goes Pennsylvania at the October election of a Presidential year so will go the Presidential election. This maxim will without doubt be again verified next month. While average Republicans fall much below our standard as to what should be done for the immediate furtherance of the cause of freedom and justice, and have furnished, and are likely to furnish us with too much reason for lavish criticism, we rejoice in the indication of the elections of this week that the dominant public opinion of the country, so far as it is politically organized, has not fallen to the low and barbarous level of the representative men and policy of the Rebel-Copperhead party. Assuming a similar result in November, let the earnest, intelligent Radicals of the country, as we have said elsewhere, rally and so stamp these victories with their own impress as that they may speedily crystalize into statutes for the promotion and preservation of impartial freedom and political equality in every part of the Union.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The London Spectator makes the following pertinent comment upon the present aspect of affairs at the South, as involving the rights of the colored people:

"The fruits of the attempt of the Georgian planters to exclude the negroes from the Legislature and to keep them in their old subjection have been a serious riot at Camilla, (reported by Atlantic telegraph) between white 'Democrats' and 'Radical' negroes. 'Thirty-five negroes were killed, and five whites and sixty negroes were wounded,' says the telegram, so that, as usual the poor negroes got the worst of open strife. We observe that it is said in England that Gen. Lee, in asserting the perfect good will of the whites to the negroes, spoke not only in good faith, but knowing the truth of what he said. Now, the fact is that the list of laws passed in the various ex-Slave States, *since the close of the war*, which embody all the old spirit of the slavery legislation of former days, is appalling. North Carolina has enacted that colored people should be inadmissable as witnesses except in cases to which a colored person is a party; has made the ravishing of a white by a black a capital offence, and the converse not; has declared all contracts for more than $10 to which a black person is a party null and void, except reduced to writing; a marriage between a white and a colored person void, and so on. Mississippi has enacted far worse laws, also since the peace; and so of the other ex-Slave States. How can any fair man wonder that the blacks look upon political rights as their only chance to secure equality before the law? or that they are brutal and violent to those who make such a mockery of their nominal freedom?"

The Spanish Revolution, the details of which our readers will gather from other journals, promises very important results, not only as affecting the people of Spain, and of Cuba, but as related to the cause of Republicanism in Europe. We hope nothing may subsequently transpire to prevent the projected abolition of slavery in Spanish dominions, the realization of a free press, freedom of public discussion, trial by jury, and the firm establishment of a genuine Republic. We are glad that, through Minister Hale, the United States extends early and favorable recognition to the Liberals.

The vigorous and determined opposition to the return of Gen. Butler to Congress appears to have about spent its force as a political sensation. From a trustworthy source we learn that the movement has but little hold in his District, and that there is scarcely a doubt of Gen. Butler's triumphant re-election. While we would not have him inculcate in any wise the doctrine of repudiation of honorable and honest money obligations, we can better afford to assume all risk with Butler in that direction, than to exchange him for his opponent Mr. Dana, who is far less reliable and trustworthy in relation to still more important obligations which rest upon the National government towards the still proscribed colored race.

A State Convention of colored men was held at Utica, N. Y., last week to urge the early adoption of the amended Constitution of this State, abolishing the property qualification for colored voters. The Rev. J. W. Loguen of Syracuse presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Loguen, William Wells Brown, Stephen Myers and others.

In a "Declaration of Rights" put forth by the Convention they say:

"*We demand all the rights and prerogatives enjoyed by our white fellow-citizens.* We have lived here two and a half centuries, and know only this country as our home. Here we have a few cherished memories, and many sad ones; yet our country is dear to us, with all her faults. We demand these rights as natives of this country. We demand them from our long unrequited toil; we demand them from our part in the late rebellion, without which millions more of dollars and thousands more precious lives would not have been spent; we demand them for the protection of our wives and children; we demand them as a large majority of the entire population of the country; we demand them for the safety of the Republican party, with which we shall ally ourselves so long as it continues to battle for righteousness and justice; we demand them as *men*, children of a common Father."

The *N. Y. Express* (Copperhead) says:

"The Anti-Slavery Society has not been maintained, since the close of the war, for nothing, after all. Its dry bones begin to rattle with galvanic motion. Cuba will of course undergo a change in the form and *personel* of her Government; and the Anti-Slavery Society is already preparing to find a field of extensive operations there. The abolition of negro slavery in the Spanish Colonies will now engage their attention and give them an abundance of opportunity for talk and agitation."

The *Express* is right in assuming that Abolitionists contemplate with lively satisfaction the early prospective overthrow of slavery in Cuba, and that they will lend the movement all the help in their power. Neither will they forget nor neglect their obligations towards the still oppressed colored people of this country, while such unscrupulous conspirators against their freedom as the Editor of *The Express* remain, as at present, unregenerate and perverse.

Two important Religious Conferences have recently been in session in this city—Episcopal, and Unitarian. The Episcopalians seem little disturbed by the spirit of progress, and to remain essentially worldly. Among Unitarians there has arisen an agitation, in relation to radicalism and conservatism in the sphere of doctrinal opinions involving the denomination in a spirited controversy, amounting almost to a division.

Drs. Bellows, Osgood, and Lothrop were in favor of strict denominational, sectarian ruling. Messrs. Frothingham, Chadwick, Clark, Collyer, Hepworth and others were for a broadly catholic platform whereon all might stand, and co-operate in good works without identity in matters of belief. The majority determined the action of the body in favor of liberality. It was an interesting feature of the Conference that women and colored men were received upon the basis of equality of rights, and that the claims of each to favorable consideration were very cordially responded to.

One of the gratifying results of the election in Philadelphia which we note is the return of the HON. WM. D. KELLEY to the XLIst Congress.

PENNSYLVANIA MEETINGS.

THE Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society announce a series of meetings to be held in Philadelphia and its vicinity, during the second week of December. The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held, in Philadelphia, on Thursday, December 10th. On the evening of that day, the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Festival will be held in Concert Hall, Philadelphia. On Wednesday evening, the 9th of December, Wendell Phillips will deliver his lecture on Daniel O'Connell, in Concert Hall.

In conjunction with the friends of Freedom in Kennett, Westchester, Newtown and Bristol, the Executive Committee expect to hold meetings in those places during the week. The times and places of these meetings will be duly advertised in THE STANDARD.

The present condition of our country, the testimony to the fearful peril of the colored population in the South, which is continually borne by themselves and their friends who witness it, urge us by the strongest motives to work mightily for the consummation of their freedom. The solemn promise of the Nation, sealed by the Constitutional Amendment which declares Slavery illegal, can be fulfilled in good faith only by Constitutional protection of the BALLOT in their hands.

This is the present demand of the Abolitionists on behalf of their clients. To this end we labor; to this we are pledged by our early vows; and to accomplish this, the *complete* and *secured freedom* of the American Slave, we call upon all earnest and loyal friends of Freedom to aid us by hearty co-operation and generous gifts of money, according to their ability.

On behalf of the Committee,

EDWARD M. DAVIS.
ROBERT PURVIS.
MARY GREW.

PERSONAL.

Miss Gorchakoff, a young lady from Russia, has received the degree of Bachelor of Sciences from the University of Paris.

J. J. Wright, R. B. Elliott, and W. J. Whipper, have been admitted to the bar of South Carolina. They are colored men of ability and members of the State Legislature.

Mrs. Mary L. Hutchinson, mother of the Hutchinson family of singers, died of paralysis, at Milford, New Hampshire, September 20th, aged eighty-three. She was the mother of sixteen children, to whom the musical powers with which she was naturally gifted were transmitted.

The (Indiana) *Radical*, (Isaac H. Julian, Editor) in a personal notice of Mr. Richard D. Webb, and his recent severe injury, says:

"At last accounts he had reached Detroit and was kindly and assiduously cared for by his friends there. He will be remembered by some in the West as an early advocate of the abolition of slavery. As a correspondent of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD for many years, his letters were full of interest and abounded with the wit, the versatilty, and the enthusiasm which has made so many of his countrymen famous in the world of letters and oratory. We can only wish him a speedy recovery and safe return to his native land."

We are very glad to learn that Mr. Webb, is now much improved and has so far recovered as to be able to make the journey to New England.

J. Willis Menard, Esq., of New Orleans, to whom we alluded last week as a candidate for Congress, in his publisfied card to the electors of his District, says:

"The time has fully come to test the professions and principles of those who now control the Republican party of Louisiana, and it is a sacred duty to themselves for the colored people to see that the colored race is not sold out by a few trading, treacherous white Republicans in Louisiana, as it has been in Georgia. This State is entitled to seven representatives in Congress. Are not the colored people entitled to at least two out of this number? Is it not our duty to see that at least two colored citizens are selected to represent in Congress the ninety thousand colored voters of Louisiana. The ballot means equal representation as well as equal rights; and if men are still to be debarred from the Halls of Congress, or even the White House, on account of the color of their faces, then reconstruction and Republicanism are lamentable failures. The reward of the long oppressed race will not be adequate, and the great cause of equal rights will not be accomplished until the colored man is seen in every department of this government. It is necessary that the XLIst Congress should possess more back-bone than the present one, in order to fix a plain provision in the supreme law of the republic, which shall confer the ballot on every citizen, regardless of race or color, North, South, East and West."

The Springfield Republican says:

"There will be some curiosity to see how Mr. Emerson, in his new course of lectures, next month, will handle the interesting subject of the Brook Farm community. It is understood that one of the lectures of the course will be devoted to personal recollections of that singular society, whose history has been touched on by Hawthorne and a few others, but has never been attempted with any fullness of detail. It should be done, for it is one of the most interesting episodes in that revival of American thought and literature known as the 'transcendental movement.' Among the dwellers and visitors at Brook Farm were many of the persons who have since become illustrious in our literary annals, and others who have distinguished themselves in other ways. Hawthorne, George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, George W. Curtis, etc., may be named by way of example; but Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Theodore Parker, W. H. Channing, C. P. Cranch and many more were interested in the experiment, which failed as an enterprise, but succeeded as an episode or a rehearsal for the future business of life. Other such enterprises also failed, as, for example, Mr. Alcott's 'Fruit-lands' at Harvard, where, with an English friend or two, he sought to put in practice those fair ideals that he saw. He began his paradise in glowing hope; he abandoned it in despair, but out of that experience grew much that has since been so beautiful in his thought and life."

Mrs. L. Maria Child, writing to *The Independent* of "The Importance of One Vote," says:

"I happened to-day to think of an old story, which conveys a significant lesson just at this time. When Jefferson was first elected to the Presidency, a gentleman, who met one of his friends on voting day, inquired whether he had been to the polls. 'No,' was the reply. 'I did think of going; but I haven't got up interest enough to take the trouble.' 'You had better go,' rejoined his friend; 'for sometimes a single vote decides an election.' Stimulated by this remark, he went. It turned out that his one vote decided the election of the representative from his district; and the one vote of that representative made Jefferson President.

"An intimate friend of mine happened to be absent from his residence on the day when it was decided whether Everet or Morton should be Governor of Massachusetts. His sympathies went strongly with the party who nominated Mr. Everett, and his first impulse was to hurry back in season to go to the polls; but, calling to mind Mr. Everett's recent servility to the slave power, he could not overcome his repugnance to vote for him. He accordingly remained where he was, and the loss of that one vote made Morton governor.

"Is there any cripple, of sound mind, who would not rather hobble miles to the polls than incur the remotest risk of helping to elect Seymour and Blair by his neglect to discharge the duty of a citizen?"

"NO NEGROES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS."

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 11th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THESE anti-democratic, anti-christian, words are to-day paraded through the streets of our city, with an accompaniment of music, by the Democratic party who are striving for victory in to-morrow's elections. A few days ago these same Democrats cried out in affected horror; We will not have an "irreligious" Mayor to rule over our "God-fearing" ranks. How suddenly they have forgotten their fear of Him who "hath made of one blood all nations of men," and who rebukes those who "take away the right from the poor of the people," and "rob the fatherless." A day or two since, Philadelphia Democracy, impersonated in the editors of its chief organ, shook off the dust of its feet against Socinianism; and rejoiced in the fact that it dwelt in an orthodox christian city. To-day it insults the Founder of Christianity by treading under its contemptuous feet his commands, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and striving with all its might to oppress, degrade, and injure a portion of its fellow-citizens, simply because our common Father has created them with a dark complexion. The party, the men, who, with this base cry, are endeavoring to rouse the bad passions and catch the votes of our uneducated, working, white citizens, are ready to re-establish American Slavery, at any possible moment. Nor would they care much of what color the victims of their power might be; for they have no respect for the rights of *Man*, but only for their own right to monopolise power and trample on the weak. Yet the poor, hard-working white man, born on our soil, or immigrating hither in search of freedom, citizenship, material prosperity, and education for his children, is deluded by the false assurance that this Democratic party is the poor man's friend. Could its disguises be stripped off before his eyes, could he see it in its true nature, its ends and aims, its tendency to despotism, he would quickly enough discern that its name is a *lie*, and that it is the poor man's worst political enemy. The difficulty is to open his eyes to its true character. General education and higher culture will ultimately accomplished this; in the mean time let all philanthropists labor for the improvement and extension of our public schools, that the rising generation may be educated out of the Democratic party before it shall grow strong enough to inscribe on its banners, "No poor man's children in the Public Schools."

Let me add one consolatory word for the orthodox sects of our city. They should not take too great shame and confusion of face unto themselves on account of the championship and claim of fraternity on the part of *The Age*. It is not their creed, but their numbers, which has won this tribute of fealty from the Democrats. If the Unitarians were numerically in the ascendant, the reproach of this claim of alliance would be theirs; and they would be obliged to relinquish to their orthodox brethren the honor of the emphatic denial of fellowship, recently uttered by this organ of Democracy.

MARY GREW.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, October 11th, 1868.

THERE is a good deal of excitement among Republicans in this region in regard to the action of certain bolters from the regular nomination for a representative in Congress from the Fifth Congressional District. Gen. Butler was chosen with great unanimity as the Republican candidate there; but the attitude which he is understood to take in regard to financial matters made a plausible ground for appeal against him by those moderate Republicans who fear his energy, and dislike the direction in which, for some years past, he has shown it. So a Convention to nominate an opposition candidate was held in Salem last Monday, which resulted in the choice of Richard H. Dana Jr. as that candidate.

In that Convention there were said to be about three hundred persons, and the names of their officers, with that of their candidate, clearly indicate them as a highly respectable body of men, of the sort whose *chief* solicitude is to keep the party from going (what they call) too fast and too far. They are the drag on the machine, always ready to retard its motion, and springing with alacrity to that function whenever its motion is quickened, no matter for what exigency.

No doubt these gentlemen are as heartily opposed to repudiation of *pecuniary* national obligations as we are, and so half their long list of resolutions is naturally and appropriately devoted to that topic, in regard to which Gen. Butler is justly assailable; but as to *moral* obligations as to the duty of this nation to the freedmen *and the colored people of the free States*, these people are of the sort who would delay this kind of payment, and agree to its discharge only by moderate and semi-occasional instalments. So their resolutions open with the expression of a hearty support for the Chicago platform "without *any* reservation," although that platform allows any State to disfranchise its colored population if it will suffer them to go entirely unrepresented. These people represent that majority of the party which insisted upon that rule. They are of the class which shrinks from interpreting the Constitution by the Declaration of Independence. They want, above all things, conservative moderation in men and measures; and their dislike of Gen. Butler is founded quite as much on impeachment as on repudiation.

These republicans are of the sort which, when the name "Anti-Slavery" had so far justified itself in public opinion as to make them desirous to adopt it, insisted on drawing a distinction between an Anti-Slavery man and an Abolitionist. So, relying upon that distinction, they now compliment Hon. Richard H. Dana "for his distinguished, efficient and disinterested services in the Anti-Slavery cause for twenty years, beginning at the time when that cause was unpopular." This gross exaggeration is one of the proofs that the creed of the Republican party depends far more upon events than upon principles. Now that the great step of the abolition of slavery has been accomplished, this branch of the party do not hesitate to praise President Lincoln for it; but while those events were in progress, their praise and advocacy of Lincoln arose mainly from his assertion that he never would have laid a finger upon slavery except for the compulsion of "military necessity," and from the facts that he urged a return of the slaveholders to their allegiance as a means of keeping their slaves—that he gave them three months for the acceptance of this alternative—and that, when at last obliged to take a further step, he decreed a partial Emancipation of slaves, instead of the complete abolition of slavery.

Speaking of slavery naturally reminds one of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, who gave such efficient help to that institution by elaborately quoting Scripture in its favor, and zealously vindicating the full right of slaveholders to membership in their churches. This body has just held its annual meeting at Norwich, Conn., and has (of course) re-elected Dr. Southside Adams of this city a member of its Prudential Committee. These two (the Society and the Reverend Doctor) have proved themselves, at least, no time-servers. They stood by slavery faithfully as long as they could do anything to help it; and they have never uttered a syllable of repentance or regret for the aid and comfort they gave, through a long series of years, to that abominable system.

The American Board is financially prosperous, having raised more than half a million of dollars the past year, and proposing to raise $600,000 the present year, for propagandism of their creed in foreign countries. Their mission to the Cherokee Indians ceased (with a public declaration that it ceased *because that people had become a Christian nation*?) just before the Cherokees joined their forces to the rebel "Confederacy," in the hope of still preserving slavery, which the missionaries of the Board among them had always upheld as right, scriptural and Christian.

One of the editors of the *Monthly Religious Magazine* complains, in his October number, of the "acrid philanthrophy" of your correspondent. This disparaging epithet is hardly original with him, since the set to which he belongs was accustomed, long ago, to stigmatize the Anti-Slavery movement as "malignant philanthrophy;" and it hated Theodore Parker quite as much for his active warfare upon slavery as for his efforts in the direction of theological reform. This gentleman feels moved to speak of "acrid philanthropy" *apropos* of some praises which I bestowed upon the "Suffolk Union for Christian Work," in contrast with "fashionable churches." It was hardly to be expected that my comments on that on that subject would please the minister of a church of that class; and I am the rather disposed to resignation under his disapproval, considering that *his eminently* fashionable church is the very one in whose house "the great and Thursday Lecture," was accustomed to be preached to a congregation of thirty persons (more or less) when, in 1845, the Unitarian ministers of Boston changed the rule of rotation by *which* the preachers of that Lecture had previously been designated, and directed the minister of that church to *select* the Thursday preacher, for the avowed and sole purpose of preventing Mr. Parker from ever again officiating there; it being considered certain that a minister of *that* church would never invite him; and, accordingly, he never *was* again invited.

My editorial critic takes the liberty to suppose, from my reference to the necessities and rights of "the poor," that I was complaining of the rich as a class, and *because* they were rich. He mistakes. I complained of *hunkerish* people, a class as numerous in religion as in politics, who, while making large expenditures, for themselves, as they have a right to do, show no disposition to inquire whether a modification of that expenditure, while answering their purpose, might not also benefit outsiders, the mass of the community. For instance: that same religious Society, from whose place of worship Theodore Parker, the minister of a *free* church, was excluded twenty-three years, ago, are now building a new house of worship, and began to build it at a time when for months there had been active discussion in their own denominational paper, and in the community generally, about the need of bringing the preaching of the gospel more home to the mass of the community. Their determination, under these circumstances, that their new structure should be one of the luxurious and expensive sort, so much so that no poor man *can* have a seat there except as the recipient of alms, is additional evidence, in my view, that they belong in the category of which I have been speaking.

My Reverend critic urges in extenuation that some of the people of his sort are also active in the Suffolk Union for Christian Work, which holds its free Sunday afternoon meetings in Faneuil Hall. No doubt they are. Neither the ministers nor the churches of that kind can afford to be left behind in such matters by the progressive men of their own denomination; so they join in these missionary efforts; and they are also ready enough to give money in charity; but the Church of the Disciples (James Freeman Clarke's people) not only were active and forward in this outside labor for the public good, but built their own church—planned and begun about the same time with the other—in such a manner as to enable themselves to carry it on as a *free* church, and to make room in it for more than their present number, and for men and women who could *not* pay, as much as for those who could. "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone," said Jesus to some who boasted of the performance of a *part* of their duty.

It is amusing to see the variety of opinion expressed by the press upon Anna E. Dickinson's recently published book. Some seem savagely determined to see *only* faults in it; and one critic ingeniously primed himself for the work of castigation by assuming that this first literary venture of a young woman was certainly to surpass all that had been written by Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Child, and then wreaked his disappointment upon the author with tomahawk and scalping-knive. My own opinion is that she will survive it; my advice to one who begins to read her book is, not to be discouraged by marks of inexperience in the drawing of character, the invention of incidents, the concoction of plot, the manufacture of conversation, and the delineation of those mysterious interviews in which love is offered and received—but to read on attentively and hopefully; I think the candid reader will be well rewarded for taking this trouble, and will find the tale deeply interesting, even if only a tale is looked for; and I think further, that we are to be grateful to Miss Dickinson for choosing to make her story not merely the amusement of an idle hour, but a spirited reminder of our dangers and duties in the critical period through which the Nation is now passing. The prejudices in regard to color and race—the monstrous absurdity of which she depicts in a vivid manner, while accurately describing their extent and their virulence—are the great danger of the Republic to-day. The strength of this land is now arranging itself on two sides, the rebel and the loyal, as truly as during the war; and the Northern representatives of the rebel side have appropriately chosen as their standard-bearer, the man who was most infamously forward, during that war, in hindering the civil and military measures of the Government, giving aid and comfort to its worst enemies, and using his official station to encourage and

shield from punishment a massacré of the innocent as causeless and as base as that of St. Bartholomew's day. Just at this moment, no greater service could be rendered to the cause of loyalty, of liberty, of right and justice, of good government and good morals, than to fix the attention of Northern men and women upon those warnings of recent history which show us what crimes and vices would hold carnival, North as well as South, if Horatio Seymour should be chosen President.

NORTH.

MT. DESERT ISLAND.

LETTER FROM SALLIE HOLLEY.

MT. DESERT, October 1st, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

OF all the beautiful embroidery which sea and shore have woven for the whole 200 miles that skirt the coast of Maine, from Eastport to Saco, the most exquisite pattern is spread out in this handsome scallop of Frenchman's Bay and its mountain islands.

"And who but He that arched the sky
And pours the day spring's living flood,"

could have blent these bright waters and mountain majesty, into the matchless pictures that lure artists and poets hither by their lovely grace and power! No wonder these enchanting shores have given us the Longfellows—Wasson, Talbot, Brackett and Akers—whose songs, sermons, essays and marbles budded in this native air of genius; and that Mrs. Stone and Hawthorne, Thoreau and Lowell, Church and Winthrop, have eagerly sought the influences of their fascination. I should like to read over again here the story the name of this Bay commemorates—of Champlain and the Jesuit fathers—the pious Madame Guercheville sent over to convert the savages, in Mr. Parkman's delightful book, "The Pioneers of France in the New World." But as Mr. H—. told me of the people he met in Bethany, "they had never heard of Lazarus and his sisters," so I find no one who ever read or saw the book I want. The scenery, wanting the stately primitive forest, must remain as much "nature unadorned" as when those Frenchmen saw it two hundred and fifty years ago—notwithstanding "six small villages, nine post-offices, fifty-one schools and eight churches" nestle around among its coves and harbors—and built their small fort and cabins, and called the place St. Saviour. They were soon driven away by Pocahontas' John Smith, and so the name came to be Mt. *Desert* (deserted). Here are still the stupendous cliffs fronting the surging Atlantic, and the five rocky little islands, "The Porcupines," bristling up like sentinels to guard the entrance of the Bay—and the grand group of granite mountains with their clear lakes and flowing trout brooks. Then, too, doubtless the rough, wild soil yielded the small crimson fruited Vits Idaea cranberry, whose grateful acid juice the Frenchman might have tasted, with that of its other kinsman, the small and the common cranberries. Did they need to drink with the Indians a friendly cup of pungent Labrador tea to prove how genuine was their concern for their souls? They taught the century-old chief, Memborton, to say the Lord's Prayer. He used to stumble at the petition for daily bread, saying "if I only ask for bread, I shant get any *fish* or *moose-meat*,' How astonished would that old Indian be at the light-house on Mt. Desert Rock, and the forty other bright fires now kindled nightly on the wooded heights and rocky promontories of his native coast—named Maine, too, in compliment of a Frenchwoman, Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles First. Hundreds of guests now come flocking, from the towns and cities that have sprung up all over the then wilderness continent, to recreate in fog and sunshine during the July and August heats. The Island people have luckily christianed one of these little places *Eden*, which is a favorite resort for its varied scenery of ocean and mountain. Near here is the *Spouting Horn*, a cleft in the rock at the top of *Schooner Head*. The waves rush up through the Horn with deafening roar, and sometimes I am told, are dashed with wild fury above the trees. Across the cove is a huge cave, hollowed out by the waves. At low water naturalists find the floor covered with sea-anemones and star-fish, and strewn thick with sea-urchins, looking like green chestnut-burrs. The crows carry these off to the rocks and eat out the soft fish, leaving the curious empty shell! Then close to the sea rise the grand mountains. One perfectly lovely day in August Mrs. M—— and I sailed over from Gouldsboro' and climbed Green Mountain. It was the finest morning of the summer. Mr. Hill said:

"Bridal of earth and sky,"

and up in that luxurious air and height of almost 2,000 feet, we surveyed the magnificent scene, stretching to the north where Katahdin, a hundred and twenty miles as the crow flies, loomed in the dim horizon; at the South lay the broad expanse of ocean dotted with the white sails of many vessels.

One sees from Mt. Washington more land, and it is said from Teneriffe more ocean, but nowhere such a union of all that is grand and beautiful in both ocean and land as here. I looked about to find specimens to send a distant botanical friend—only the sturdiest toughest plants grew up there. The Greenland sandwort was prized, I afterwards learned, among them. Amid our enjoyment of all this loveliness, the line of Bishop Heber's hymn was brought to mind—

"Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile."

When at the Tip Top House, that professes to offer rest and refreshment to the weary, Mrs. M—— asked for a glass of milk or some berries. But they only kept wine and brandy, beer, whiskey, cigars etc. "It was too much trouble to get milk up the mountain." I replied "I should think a cow might be got up as easy as to lug up all that poison." The crowd of visitors that filled the six hotels at Bar Harbor and overflowed its cottages around, lending a lively human animation to the place have vanished, leaving the homely islanders to go on as always without it—reminding me of the fable Geo. W. Curtis puts into the mouth of the Newport fisherman, whom he found on the rocks looking idly over the sea, as if he expected to see the opposite shore of the ocean. "No," said the old fisherman, "I was only thinking of a story I read a long time ago of an island far to the North, and inhabitated only by seals and white bears. Once every year swarms of peacocks, buzzards and birds of paradise find their way thither and monopolize the island, so that for a month no seal or bear is visible—nothing but a fluttering and buzzing of these winged strangers. Suddenly they fly away as mysteriously as they came, and totally disappear leaving the quiet island to the contemplative bears and seals who inhabit it thro' the year, who are adapted to its life by their organization and whose history is the history of the island." It is a remarkable fact that the peacocks, buzzards and birds of Paradise run of a notion that their fluttering month gives the chief interest to the island.

After the meeting at Somerville last evening, we drove thro' the beautiful woods, and over the hills to Bar Harbor. We had the rare sight of wild deer bounding across the road just before our carriage. Capt. Hamor says what made him an abolitionist was, when he used to cruize to Mobile he knew a slave who paid his "master" a dollar a day for his time, all over that he could keep himself. He used to work about the vessel, a good, hard-working man. Once, on returning from France, Capt. H. stopped at New Orleans. The first person he saw was the slave "Thomas." "Why how did you come here?" "Oh, I was sick and couldn't work, so Massa sold me here, and now I can't ever see my wife and children," and cried out in his anguish and agony!

I have had good meetings in Eastport, Machias, Cherryfield, Franklin, Ellsworth etc. At Eastport, Rev. G. N. Richardson took me to the grave of a brave young Maine soldier, Major Geo. W. Sabine, and said: "Nine years ago when you spoke here that young man was at your meeting, and at its close, said to a friend, 'I go out of this house an abolitionist.'" The white marble bore this inscription:

"Loyal to Liberty, no fears
Of death in battle him o'er came,
He sleeps, but leaves so pure a name
That thanks seem fitter than our tears."

We were hospitably and cordially received here by Rev. Mr. Crafts and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Chadbourne who are old friends of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SALLIE HOLLEY.

THE PHILADELPHIA SOLDIERS' CONVENTION.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 12th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I AM surprised at the tone of your correspondent "Asmodeus," under date of 6th inst., in speaking of our late Convention. Zeal for the negro is a fine thing, but unless it is tempered with knowledge and guided by truth it may and will injure the object sought to be benefitted. The "*Collis, Owens and others did not beg in whispers that the colored soldiers should stand back*"—they had no need to do so, for none reported for participation in the parade or convention; had they reported their treatment would have been exactly the same as that of other honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the United States.

"These fellows," as your classic correspondent is pleased to term the Philadelphia managers of the late Convention, have on too many occasions, in the field and at home, shown their devotion to the cause of freedom and political equality to be spoken of slightingly. If "*worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow*" their standing as either soldiers or citizens stamps his epithet a libel.

I read your Washington Correspondence with much interest, and because I do so, it is my desire and hope that your correspondent will not sacrifice facts, as he has lately done on several occasions, in his efforts for the colored race, in other words set up an imaginary foe upon whom to display his skill and valor. Our enemies are sufficiently numerous to employ our time without making war upon our friends.

CAMP WM. PENN.

TO THE GREAT ARBITER.

BY W. J. LINTON.

"France is the only Nation that wars for an idea."
"France, c'est moi!"
"How are the mighty fallen!"

GAIN and glory to France the Brave,
Strong to help and ready to save!
Bravo, Bonaparte! sure to do:
Thou to thyself for ever true.
Lombardy ransom'd, Nice was thine;
Germany sells thee now the Rhine.

Austria asks thy saving grace;
Prussia stoops from its pride of place;
Italy too the knee must bend,
Owning her jealousest foe for friend:
Lo! thou sayst to the tide of war—
"Flow, but only flow so far!"

Honor to him of the subtle mind,
Glorious sower of empty wind!
At thy bidding the tempest drops:
Gather in thy hurricane crops!
Gather them grandly, gladly in!
Knowest thou who is doom'd to win?

Spread your nets and set your guns!
Europe winneth whoever wins.
Be it Bismark or Bonaparte,
Vengeance also must have a part.
Give the Rhine, give Belgium too:
Yet the Doomster will have his due.

Play you false or play you fair,
Play the Master everywhere!
Set up Austria once again;
Draw their boundary by the Main;
Halter the German in Berlin;
And yet Germany shall win.

Take Sardinia, take Piedmont;
Take by mere Imperial Want!
Why not Rome and Sicily too?
Say that The Thousand vote for you.
Surely all in the Gallic Lake
Gaul's great Emperor may take.

Take, for England is not proud!
Take, for Russia laughs aloud!
Reach the eagle talons far,
Till they grapple with the Czar!
Europe thou and he divide!
God! that Nicholas had not died.

Take by European vote!
Europe its lesson knows by rote.
France and the Czar have God's increase
The Double Empire meaneth peace.
Which is the Emperor, thou or he,—
Or a third—forgotten—Destiny?

Play you false or play you fair,
It is Europe winneth, everywhere.
Villafranca was Italy;
Nikolsburg meaneth Germany.
Garibaldi may back from Trent:
Austria all the same is spent.

Reap the hurricane everywhere!
Who is the Last Napoleon's heir?
Order Europe—peoples and kings!
Listen! High in the heavens sings
Only a little bird, unseen.
Do you know what his song may mean?

One Napoleon, great and strong,
Strode the terrified kings among;
Made of France an avenging flail;
Scattered thrones as the wind doth hail.
"By the grace of God our kings were then.
Now by the grace of viler men.

Every blessing brings its curse;
Every medal hath its reverse.
There is Napoleon's laurel'd pride;
But read the words on the other side:
"The crowned fool in his heart hath said—
'Trust in an Emperor—God is dead!'"

Money is good of any mint:—
Will Austria's paper serve for lint?
Thou and Rothschild yet are one:—
We nail to the counter "Napoleon."
Men and things may be bought and sold:—
Will and iron shall conquer gold.

Stretch thy joy to its widest grin!
Europe winneth, and yet shall win.
Italy, Germany, Poland, live;
France shall ask us to forgive.
Fool that settest thyself so high!
We step upon thee to Victory.

NEW YORK, October 12th, 1868.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN PARIS.

A MEETING IN PARIS—A WOMAN'S SPEECH.

THE question of woman's rights and wrongs has been recently debated with much warmth in Paris, at a succession of public meetings held in a building which bears the name of Le Vauxhall. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"Mlle. Maxime Breuil achieved the great success of these meetings. She was listened to and applauded; her speeches have been reprinted, and have been reviewed by divers newspapers. It would be difficult to form an opinion of their merits from the judgments of the press. *Figaro*, in a very coarse paragraph, describes the lady's theories as 'not only absurd but disgusting;' while the *Temps*—certainly a far more serious and strait-laced paper than *Figaro*—speaks, on the other hand, of her 'eloquent and generous pages,' her 'noble and sincere language.' Between such conflicting testimony we cannot decide, not having read these wonderful speeches; but one quotation we have seen which certainly entitles Mlle. Maxime Breuil to be ranked apart from the common run of female advocates of woman's rights. We would be truly happy if, by our translation, we could induce our country women to adopt some of her views. It might go far to comfort them under the defeat they are suffering at the hands of ungallant and narrow-minded revising barristers, and would lay the vexed question of female voters at rest for some time. After asserting that there is complete equality between the sexes, and that women have the same rights, *without exception*, as men, Mlle. Breuil stated that she did not for the present wish to see women put in possession of their political rights and addressing herself more especially to her male auditors, she said, with perhaps not wholly undeserved severity:

"'You have learned yourselves, and at your own expense, what is the cost of handling without previous instruction this dangerous weapon, for each time it has exploded in your unskillful hands it has wounded your children and your best friends. Before you confide it to women—and it will be your duty one day to do so—you must enlighten them; and, in the meantime, you must continue to bear alone the responsibility of the lamentable incapacity of which you have given proof hitherto. In presence of this incapacity, and while bearing with you the burden of its grievous results, we may without temerity assert that women might have done better, and there is great consolation in thinking that at any rate they could not have done worse! Be that as it may, their moral atrophy (the result of a prolonged state of tutelage) renders them unfit to use their civic rights; they must, therefore, abstain until such time as they are better prepared. Nevertheless, those rights are indefeasible.'"

"In other words, men having, politically speaking got into a muddle, must get out of it as best they can without the help of womankind. There is something spirited in Mlle. Breuil's refusal of aid."

A CONVENTION OF WOMEN IN GERMANY.

ON the 17th of this month the women of Germany are to hold a conference at Stutgard, but not for the purpose of discussing the question of suffrage. The points they intend to discuss they have brought together in the following programme:

1. To find out the best ways and means to teach young mothers how best to regulate the physical education of their children.

2. The establishment of small museums of literature, art and industry. These museums would not merely contain the best works of literature and art especially adapted for women, but they would principally be a kind of schools or academies. Places for meetings, lectures and the like, in which topics, such as the education of children and matters of domestic interest, should be treated by competent women and men, if these can be prevailed upon to assist in the movement. There would also be Sunday schools for women and girls of all classes, savings banks, supply associations, offices for those that wanted places, etc.

3. The commencement of a reform in dress, chiefly directed against the vagaries of fashion, and the best ways and means to carry out this reform effectually. As a basis for this reform the following points have been accepted:

a. That nothing be declared "old-fashioned" which has once found itself useful and appropriateand becoming.

b. That nothing new be adopted unless it has proved itself to be both to the purpose and answering the demands of good taste.

c. That all garments and objects of toilet that are hurtful to health be put away.

d. To inquire whether a large saving might not be effected in things of dress, so that the expenses might be made more appropriate to the income.

4. The transformation of benevolent female institutions into "self-supporting and earning female institutions."
—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

AT Troy, N. Y., the female operatives in the collar manufactories have formed an association, numbering over five hundred members. The "Collar Laundry Union" has been in existence for four years, starting at first with very few members, and being compelled to make a vigorous resistance to the attempts of the employers to break it down. The Union has a reserved fund of several thousand dollars, and is managed entirely by women.

LITERARY.

THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION. *Proceedings at the First Annual Meeting, held in Boston, May 28th, and 29th.* 1868. Boston: Adams & Co.

The proceedings of the First Annual Meeting of the Free Religious Association have recently been published by Messrs. Adams & Co., of Boston, in a neatly printed pamphlet of one hundred and twenty pages. The pamphlet contains the report of the Executive Commitee, prepared by Rev. Wm. J. Potter of New Bedford, the Secretary of the Association; the report of the Treasurer Mr. R. P. Hallowell, accompanied by some excellent practical suggestions for the consideration of the Association; the addresses in full delivered in Tremont Temple, Friday morning, by the President Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of this city, (Radical Unitarian) Rev. James Freeman Clarke, (Unitarian) Rev. Robert Collyer (Unitarian) Rev. Chas. H. Malcom (Baptist), Rev. John P. Hubbard (Episcopal), Rev. Olympia Brown (Universalist), and Rev. John Weiss (Independent Radical). Then follows an ably written report on the "present tendencies of society in regard to religious organization and worship," prepared by Mr. Potter, and read at the opening of the afternoon session; and a synopsis of the remarks of the speakers of the afternoon upon the subject introduced by the report, among whom were Col. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, Charles C. Burleigh, J. M. Peebles, Aaron M. Powell, Rev. F. E. Abbot, A. Bronson Alcott and others. The report of the evening session contains a paper prepared and read by Frank B. Sanborn, Esq., Secretary of the "Massachusetts Board of State Charities," upon "The Religious duty of Philanthropy and Social Reform," and subsequent addresses by Col. Higginson, Wendell Phillips, Miss Lizzie Doten, and a closing address by Mr. Frothingham.

In an appendix are presented letters from Rabbi J. S. Nathans, of the Jewish Church, from Keshub Chunder Sen, of the Theistic Church in India, from Rev. Moncure D. Conway, and from Rev. Isaac M. Wise, D. D., of one of the Jewish Synagogues of Cincinnati.

The pamphlet is as a whole one of unusual interest. It faithfully represents an important movement which in various quarters is misrepresented, and which cannot be too widely known. It is, as is shown by the proceedings, a religious movement transcending the limitations of all sects and creeds, with a platform free and broad enough for all earnest, thoughtful seekers after truth within and beyond the range of the profession of Christianity. Leaving the freedom of the individual intact, the Association secures the benefit of co-operation in inquiry, and a full, frank and kindly comparison of opinions, and contrast of experiences. It is a broadly catholic movement, in which the "unchurched" of no sect, with the members of any or all sects may join in seeking the highest truth and the best means of soul culture.

The topic which engaged the attention of the Association, at its last session, introduced by Mr. Sanborn's ably written paper, "The Relation of Religion to Philanthropy and Social Science," is one of special interest to our readers.

The address by Wendell Phillips upon the subject of the foregoing report, one of the most comprehensive and eloquent we have ever listened to from him, we shall present to our readers in our next issue.

Mr. Frothingham and his associates, by whom the movement was organized may well be gratified with, and encouraged by the large measure of success and usefulness which has thus far attended the enterprise.

The Galaxy for October, on the subject of "Artistic Work for Women," says:

"Several of the English magazines owe their choicest illustrations to the genius and culture of young women who have learned to draw on wood. Many of the finest designs in *London Society* and *Belgravia* are furnished from this source, and some of the most amusing sporting pictures in *Punch* are from the pencil of a young lady who can draw and ride with equal daring and freedom. But until very recently such instances were rare in this country. Now, however, the great increase in the number of our illustrated periodicals is opening this new field for women of artistic talent and education. No one can deny that we have in this country many young women of high talent and real accomplishment as artists. The recent exhibitions of the National Academy of Design have contained evidences that American women can attain high positions in many of the departments of Art. But the growing demand for book and magazine illustrations offers an easier and surer path to success. Many of the finest illustrations in the *Riverside Magazine* are from the pencil of Miss Lucy Gibbons, whose drawings evince knowledge, culture, delicate fancy, refined sentiment, and great fertility of invention. She puts her drawings on the block with the facility and firmness of a master. Miss Mary L. Stone also draws for the *Riverside*, and is now engaged on a series of illustrations for a book to be published this Fall by Hurd & Houghton, entitled 'Tales for Little Convalescents.' Miss Stone has a great deal of fancy, an exellent eye for grouping and composition, and is rarely at fault in drawing the human figure. She was for many years the pupil of Edwin White, and more recently of Prof. Rimmer. The fine illustration entitled 'Thridding my fingers through my hair,' in the *Galaxy* for August, was from the pencil of Miss Mary Hallock, a young artist whose compositions contain promise of no ordinary kind. Her imagination is sober-suited, and she has less fancy and humor than either Miss Gibbons or Miss Stone; but she has a deeper feeling for composition and light and shade. Her training, under Prof. Rimmer, has been very severe, and she draws with remarkable correctness. Miss C. W. Conant is also giving attention to drawing on wood, and some of her compositions show great taste and culture."

The Herald of Health for Oct. comès to us freighted with its usual supply of wholesome reading, both moral and physical. It well deserves the wide circulation it has achieved. We are glad to notice that Mrs. Frances D. Gage is able to continue her very valuable contributions. From her excellent article on the "Rearing of Children," in which she appeals to young women to spend less time on dress, and give more thought to a higher culture of heart and intellect, we quote her closing paragraphs:

"Oh, young mothers wives and maidens! you who must be the mothers of the coming men; you who must be in part the agent through whom God brings life and immortality to light among human beings; remember that your children will not be dolls to be dressed and clothed as things of a day, an hour, a year, or a decade of years; but beings to exist while God himself exists, and if, as all Christians profess to believe, souls retain their identity in the hereafter; then will each and every one bear through the endless ages of Eternity the impress of the hand that rocked its cradle.

"Gather, then, gems of truth wherever to be found. Wreathe them in the golden setting of a mother's love, into chains that shall link your darlings to the All Father of the universe, the Author of all good and all truth. Thus held by the good, the true, the beautiful, they will remain pure, and,

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

The October number of the *Atlantic Monthly* opens with a plea for Inebriate Asylums from Mr. Parton, with a very interesting account of his visit to the institution which has been successfully established at Binghampton in this State. Total abstinence is proved to be the only reliable cure for the victim of intemperance. We give the following as one of Mr. Parton's conclusions: "From conversation with the inmates of the Inebriate Asylum, I am confident that Mr. Greeley's assertion with regard to the wine given at communion is correct. That sip might be enough to awaken desire. The mere odor of the wine filling the church might be too much for some men."

Among the other acceptable contributions to this number is an able article on Bacon, with a sketch of his life and deeds, from E. P. Whipple; also one on "Free Produce Among the Quakers."

The poems are by Whittier, William Winter and Bayard Taylor.

TENNYSON'S POEMS; the Half-Dollar Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have recently issued a complete edition of Tennyson's poems in one volume, paper, which may be had for the small sum of half a dollar. The type, though small, is clear and distinct, and the quality of paper used is good. This edition will undoubtedly gain a wide circulation, and greatly enlarge the number of Tennyson's readers in this country.

The contents of *Putnam's Magazine* for October are "Up and Down Mont Blanc," an ascent in 1867, by a New York Merchant; "Farther;" "St. Beuve, the Critic;" "Waiting," A Tale of Chicago; "Mine Oyster;" "The Maple Tree;" "The Protestant Protest against Protestantism;" "Too True:" Chap. 16 and 17; "The Land of the Troubadours"—A Winter's Residence, and its Entertainments; "Louis Napoleon and his Empire;" "A Brilliant Affair;" "Pacific Railroad Grants;" "In Tune;" "University Life in Germany;" Monthly Chronicle; Literature, Fine Arts, Table-Talk.

The illustrated papers in the October number of *Harper's Monthly Magazine* are "Explorations in Lower California," by J. Ross Browne; "The Chinese Embassy to the Foreign Powers;" and "George and Robert Stephenson," the latter giving many interesting facts concerning the invention and introduction of the railway locomotive. There is a second paper on "The Origin of Printing," and the usual variety of miscellaneous reading.

Lippincott's Magazine for October gives the concluding chapters of the story of "Dallas Galbraith," by Mrs. R. Harding Davis. One of the most interesting and profitable articles, among the other contributions, is "Strength and How to Use it," by Walter Wells. It is far easier to preach than to practice the excellent rules laid down.

Plymouth Pulpit is the title of a new weekly publication issued by J. B. Ford & Co., 164 Nassau street for the presentation of Mr. Beecher's sermons, as they are delivered, week by week, and reported by Mr. T. J. Ellinwood. The two numbers issued are nicely printed, on good paper, with clear and handsome type, and in a form convenient for binding. The yearly subscription price is $2.50.

Our Schoolday Visitor compares favorably with other popular magazines for young people. Its story of "Selfish John" in the October number well teaches—

"That mean, selfish deeds,
Like poisonous weeds,
Grow so fast, that they choke all the good holy seeds;"

and Alexander Clark gives an interesting account of his visit to Mt. Washington.

Our Young Folks for October contains a feast of good things for its youthful readers. There are many bright eyes that sparkle with delight at the announcement of each new number of this popular magazine, and that watch eagerly for the concluding chapters of "Cast Away in the Cold."

Merry's Museum presents an attractive table of contents. Miss Alcott's contributions alone are a sufficient guarantee of its worth. "Will's Wonder Book" reports in the October number "grand-ma's" knowledge of snails and all their curious habits, with a story also about seals.

"The Sailor's Magazine and Seamen's Friend" is the organ of the American Seaman's Friend Society, and aims to present the progress and wants of the Seaman's Cause. It furnishes both religious and secular reading, and the selections are fitly chosen.

The Proceedings of the Second Anniversary of the Universal Peace Society, have been published in pamphlet form, and may be obtained at the office of the *Bond of Peace* No. 600 Arch street, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

RECEIVED.

GEORGE AND ROBERT STEPHENSON. By Samuel Smiles. Illustrated. 501 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDIES. By Henry W. Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

MILDRED. A Novel. By Georgiana M. Craik. 121 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The North American Review for October. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell and Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Where the Roses Never Wither. Music. Written and composed by James G. Clark. New York: C. M. Tremaine.

Blackwood's Magazine for September. American Reprint. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

Harper's Bazar, for October 10th. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Merry's Museum for October. Boston: H. B. Fuller.

Special Notices.

PREMIUMS.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

MR. EDWARD M. DAVIS, No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia, consents, for a time, to act as General Agent of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society; and to receive and forward, from Philadelphia and vicinity, subscriptions, and advertisements for THE STANDARD.

FOREIGN HONORS.

The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company can boast of right Royal patronage. They have recently supplied two of their elastic stitch family sewing machines to Her Majesty by Royal command, and they also hold appointments from the Empress of the French, the Queen of Spain, and the Emperor of Brazil, while they have also supplied the Empress of Russia and the Queen of Bavaria.—*London Mirror.*

SEWING MACHINES AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—"There seems to be considerable contradiction among the successful exhibitors as to the awards made in this department. The recipients of the two gold medals severally advertise that theirs is the only gold medal, thus contradicting each other, while all the other prize-holders concur that *no gold medal was awarded to any sewing machine whatever.* Happily, it is not our duty to decide this knotty question; but, be it as it may, the Grover & Baker sewing machines have received the very highest prize—above all medals—their representative in Paris having been decorated by the Emperor with the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

We find the above in one of our English exchanges, and transfer it to our columns with satisfaction. It is gratifying to find that the Grover & Baker machine, which stands so high at home, should also receive the highest honor abroad.—*N. Y. Express.*

THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subscribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subcribers within the city limits.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, hitherto the carsier of our paper this city, will act as our Agent, and receive subscrptions and advertisements on account of THE STANDARD.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subscribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time.
E. M. DAVIS,
No. 333 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

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THE STANDARD IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE STANDARD may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. SIMON, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

MR. RICHARD MASON, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

Advertisements.

PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he has established a PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY, and is prepared to execute all orders that may be intrusted to him, with care and promptness. Authors desiring a publisher or wishing their works superintended while in press, will do well to confer with him, as his experience in the business and established connections, afford peculiar facilities for the furtherance of their interests. Works of all established authors furnished at the shortest notice and at the lowest rates. Office 39 Nassau street, Room 43.

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23 tf

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"In writing about boys it is necessary that one should understand, sympathize, and believe in them. And this qualification Mr. Hope possesses in an eminent degree. There are no platitudes in the work. It is full of sound philosophy, important suggestion, and pleasant illustration. All who are thrown in contact with boys should read it. It will make their heart warmer toward them, their charity broader."—*Albany Evening Journal.*

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The girls who like good stories have a rich treat in store for them in Miss Louisa M. Alcott's new book, which she calls *Little Women; or Meg., Jo., Beth., and Amy.* In it Miss Alcott displays her great abilities as a good story-teller, in a remarkable manner, and the book is full of striking and pleasing incidents. We know one "little woman" who laughed over it till she cried, and declares it to be the nicest book she ever read. It will have a great run with the "little women" of America. Roberts Brothers are the publishers.—*Journal.*

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I. What Answer? A STORY OF TO-DAY. By ANNA E. DICKINSON. 1 vol, 16mo. $1.50.

This story is sure to attract a large share of public attention, both by the high reputation of the author as a popular lecturer, and by the unusual interest of the story itself. While it will satisfy those who read for entertainment merely, it will have a peculiar interest to all thoughtful readers in its bold and earnest treatment of some of the leading political and social questions of the day. It deals with many of the most striking events of the past few years, and is written in that graphic and picturesque style which has made Miss Dickinson's lectures so popular.

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LE CONSEILLER D'ETAT, Commissaire General, F. LE PLAY. | LE MINISTRE, Vice-Pres't de la Com. Imperiale, CH. FORBADE.

REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:

DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE
CONFERENCE
OF THE
INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION
AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

"IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDAL has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

PARIS, September 8th, 1868.

COUNT SERRURIER,
Commissioner General of the International Exposition,
President of the Conference.

COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY. } General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

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Miscellaneous Department.

COMPENSATION

BY R. W. EMERSON.

I.

THE wings of Time are black and white,
Pied with morning and with night.
Mountain tall and ocean deep
Trembling balance duly keep.
In changing moon and tidal wave
Glows the feud of Want and Have,
Gauge of more and less through space,
Electric star or pencil plays,
The lonely earth amid the balls
That hurry through the eternal halls,
A make-weight flying to the void,
Supplemental asteroid,
Or compensatory spark,
Shoots across the neutral Dark

II.

Man's the elm, and Wealth the vine;
Staunch and strong the tendrils twine:
Though the frail ringlets thee deceive,
None from its stock that vine can reave.
Fear not, then, thou child infirm,
There's no god dare wrong a worm;
Laurel crowns cleave to deserts,
And power to him who power exerts.
Hast not thy share? On winged feet,
Lo! it rushes thee to meet;
And all that Nature made thy own,
Floating in air or pent in stone,
Will rive the hills and swim the sea,
And, like thy shadow, follow thee.

THE BELGIUM SPRINGS.

SALEM, Mass., September 25th, 1868.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I CAN hardly any longer claim to be your foreign correspondent, having arrived once more in my native land, but as I have not accounted for myself since I wrote to you from Cheltenham in England, perhaps a brief sketch of my subsequent movements may not be uninteresting.

From Cheltenham, we returned to London, and from there started again on the 1st of July for the Continent, having for a destination, the famous baths of Spa, in Belgium. Instead of journeying by the more frequented route *via* the Channel and France, we concluded to go directly from England to Belgium, by sea. I found that route a most agreeable and pleasant change, and I recommend it to everybody as a most comfortable and expeditious way of reaching Belgium and thence Germany, from England. The steamboats which are comfortable and clean, leave their pier on the Thames twice a week, direct for Antwerp, and the time occupied in crossing is only eighteen hours. For the benefit of those troubled with sea-sickness I should add that there are only five hours of open sea, the remaining time being spent in descending the Thames and again, going up the river Schelt. The views on the former river are quite pretty, as the boat passes Greenwich, Woolwich, and other little towns bordering the Thames. Along the shores of the Schelt, the low, flat country of Belgium offers nothing of interest until the city of Antwerp is descried and which, approached from the sea, presents a very attractive appearance. From Antwerp (of which city I gave an account in a letter of last year), the railway takes you in six hours to Spa. Along the line, the landscape views are totally insignificant, and as a heavy rain prevailed during our transit, the scene was almost striking in its desolation.

Spa is one of the oldest watering-places in Europe, the curative properties of its mineral springs having been known to the Romans. Peter the Great of Russia resorted there and was cured, in 1717. A pedestal, surmounted by his bust, has been erected at the principal spring, with an inscription commemorating the fact. Later, Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans recovered, while in Spa, of a long illness, and her grateful children have also had constructed a memorial tablet at "La Laureniére," which is the name of the spring whose waters their mother drank. And every year thousands of invalids, from all parts of the world, flock to Spa hoping to gain strength and health from the use of its invaluable waters. The springs, whose waters contain great quantities of iron, are seven in number, named respectively the Pouhon, the Prince de Condé, the Geronstere, the Barisart, the Tounelet, the Laureniére, and the Grosbeck. Of these the first two named are in the town, the rest are in the environs. The most popular of all the springs, is the Pouhon, for it was there that the great Czar took his daily draught, and also because the catalogue of diseases which it professes to cure, is much greater than all the others. Its sister spring, the Prince de Condé, more recently discovered, and containing more iron, is however, becoming very popular, and will soon be a formidable rival of Pouhon. The life in Spa is similar to that in the German watering-places, of which I wrote in a former letter. There is music twice a day in the promenades, once in the afternoon and again at dusk, dancing every evening, a grand ball twice a week, and a concert generally once a fortnight. All of the above amusements take place in the Kursaal, which is there called the Redoute.

Gambling is actively indulged in, although, as a general thing the play is not as heavy as in Germany. The mineral water, is taken two or three times a day in little glasses holding from one to eight ounces of water, and the quantity of water taken, being reckoned by the ounce is gradualily increased, the maximum being 48 oz. per diem. A course of baths is generally united with the treatment. The springs of Spa are particularly recommended in nervous affections and general debility, many wonderful cures having been effected by them.

In and around Spa there are also many very pretty walks and drives. Saddle horses and ponies are in great abundance, and riding and driving are the chief out-door amusements. The favorite drive is called the Tour des Fontaines, otherwise a drive or ride round the springs, the route comprehending a circle of about six miles by hill and valley, through cultivated fields, moor and woodland. Besides this, there is the Promenade des Artistes, which is in a beautiful ravine between the two springs of the Laureniere and Geronstere from one end of it to the other, there is a constant recurrence of cascades, rustic bridges, lovely dells and shady nooks, making it one of the most favorite walks in the neighborhood.

When we reached Spa it was nearing the height of the season, and as the Queen of the Belgians was shortly expected, visitors, particularly Belgian and French, were constantly arriving. Americans too are very fond of Spa and I saw daily at the springs or in the promenade, many of our fair countrywomen fresh from Paris and displaying to the best advantage, the latest fashions from that metropolis. In a few days the Queen arrived from Brussels, and little Spa was all excitement. The burgomaster and other town officials, attired in their very best, proceeded to welcome her, at the railway station, whither they had been preceded by a troop of young girls dressed in white, who presented to the Queen, as she alighted from the train, a most beautiful bouquet. Then amidst the ringing of bells, the cheers of the villagers, and the firing of cannon which the worthy authorities had imported for the occasion, the Queen drove to the mansion of M. Heymel, a rich banker who had placed his palatial residence at the disposal of Her Majesty. It was understood that the Queen was to remain six weeks in Spa, to drink the waters for her health, which had been impaired by too strict attention on the unfortunate Empress Charlotte. In a day or two afterwards, the King Leopold arrived privately at Spa, and the next evening appeared with the Queen on the promenade, while the band was performing the regular evening concert. The people about, all arose, the band played the National Hymn, and the Royal couple, who very sensibly walked about without any ceremony, bowed their acknowledgments, and appeared anxious to find some seats that they too might listen to the music. Of course, they were soon accommodated, and the crowd having gratified themselves with staring, quietly separated or resumed their seats. The King of the Belgians is a tall, good-looking man, although nothing particularly *distingue* in his appearance. He is extremely popular with his subjects, which is a very important thing in these times when crowns are apt to take to themselves wings and fly away. The Queen, who is by birth an Austrian princess, is also tall, with a handsome face and figure, and pleasing expression. She has all the dignity, without stiffness, which a Queen should possess. The presence of the Royal family was the crowning point for Spa, and never has such a brilliant season been known before. Every hotel and even private houses, were crowded with guests, and the promenades were thronged daily with a gaily bedecked and ever-changing crowd of loungers. The King was shortly obliged to return to Brussels, but nearly every afternoon and evening the Queen and her attendants came to the promenade to listen to the music.

A new bath-house has lately been built at Spa, and it was formally inaugurated on the 15th of August. The King and Queen were to assist, and the event was to be celebrated by three days of festivity including an illumination, ball, banquet, etc. Unfortunately, a few days before the time, a telegram announcing to her the serious illness of the Prince Royal recalled the Queen hastily to Brussels, and their son growing rapidly worse, both King and Queen were prevented from returning to Spa. This was a fatal blow to the Spaites, and although the bath-house was inaugurated on the day fixed, the *éclat* of the proceedings was wanting. The ball and banquet were given up, but the illumination in the evening was beautifully conceived and perfectly successful. The numerous promenades were almost as bright as day, and the contrast of the many colored lights with the green of the trees produced a fine effect, while a powerful magnesium light thrown at intervals upon the splendid bath building, added much to the general brilliancy of the scene.

This fete was the last grand affair of the season, and had the Royal family attended, would have been complete. Soon after, people began to take their departure rapidly, and when we left on the 18th of August, there were but few remaining; but next year the town will be as crowded as ever, for there is a not a more popular or more charming summer resort on the Continent than Spa. Retracing our steps, we came to Antwerp and again taking the steamer, found ourselves, on the morning of the 20th, once more in London. A week later we started for Liverpool, and at 4 P. M., on Saturday, 29th of August, were steaming down the Mersey on board the Scotia bound for New York. The next day, at five in the afternoon, we reached Queenstown, and embarking extra passengers and mails, stood fairly out to sea.

When we had taken on board the Queenstown passengers, our number reached 260, first-class, not including quite an army of children and nurses. The Scotia, which is without doubt the finest passenger steamship afloat, and the pride of the Cunard line, is a great favorite with the American public, yet she has seldom carried so many as mentioned above. The voyage, of which I am about to give you a hasty sketch, was a most severe one, putting to the test all the vaunted qualities of that truly splendid steamer, and I am happy to say that she surpassed if possible, her reputation. The first day or two out, the sea was calm, although the sky was overcast, but on the night of Wednesday, Sept. 2d I was awakened by a noise and tumult on deck. A heavy gale was blowing and the vessel pitched considerably. As I lay listening to the surging of the water, a great wave struck the side of the ship and broke over the deck with a noise resembling a terrific peal of thunder. The shock awoke most everybody, and exclamations of alarm arose on every side. Ladies screamed and children cried, while the creaking of the cordage, the roar of the waves, and the hoarse shouts of the sailors, made up an edifying accompaniment. By morning, however, the gale had subsided, although the water remained greatly agitated, and from time to time, the sea broke over the bows.

But all this was as child's play compared to what was to come. The next day was calmer and the next the same, and when the sun rose on Sunday morning, September 6th, the sky was clear, and everything gave promise of a fair day. But we were soon undeceived. At 10 A. M., the sky, which had gradually become overcast, assumed a dark, almost inky appearance, a mist began to fall, and in ten minutes more, we were enveloped in a thick fog. I observed that the captain, who was sitting quietly smoking his cigar, had disappeared below, and when he again came on deck he was dressed in his oil-skin coat and cap, with a speaking trumpet in his hand and a look upon his face which betokened that he, at least, anticipated something more than merely boisterous weather. A few minutes more and the suspense was ended. The wind rose steadily, the rain fell in torrents, and the sea seemed to lash itself into rage. The passengers, such of them as were hardy enough to remain on deck, crouched about the smoke-stacks, until they were all ordered below. As I, among the rest, reluctantly descended, I took a look at the captain, as he leaned against the larboard paddle-box, his left hand grasping a rope, while in his right he held his trumpet. As he stood there, his white hair fluttering in the wind, his bronzed face calm yet watchful, as he glanced his eyes about the deck and then at the sky, he looked, as he is, the noble commander of a noble ship. Meanwhile, the storm increased; by noon, the wind blew as if determined to overcome us, the sea roared and beat upon the ship, while in rapid succession, wave after wave struck against her sides. It was next to impossible for any one to keep their feet, and at lunch, which was announced in the height of the storm, passengers, and stewards and dishes were tumbled about in hopeless confusion.

Any ordinary ship would have sprung a leak long before this time, but the Scotia seemed to scorn the impotent rage of the elements. She rode the wave, beautifully, and went the billows struck her only trembled and then sprang forward again as if defying them. And so it when on. There was no screaming then. People were too frightened for that. Men gathered together in groups, and talk in subdued tones. One or two affected indifference, while a few, veterans on the sea, and observing how well the ship behaved, had strong hope. One gentleman whose name is well known in New York, actually cried aloud and violently reproached himself for attempting to cross the Atlantic in September. The ladies, to their credit be it said, appeared calm and collected. Another hour, and the crisis was passed. The wind still blew and the water roared, but the force of the storm was spent. Still another hour and the wind lulled, and at four o'clock the sun burst forth from the clouds. By the blessing of God we were saved, and the Scotia came out from the storm unscathed. By evening, we had entirely outrun the bad weather, the sea had become calm, the moon shone brightly, and the passengers, as they walked the deck, congratulated each other on our escape from danger. The next day, a subscription paper was started for the benefit of the sailors and firemen for their exertions "during the late dreadful storm," but the captain did not approve of it, so the affair fell through. It was reported that the Scotia has never before experienced such a storm. From that time until our arrival in New York, we had fine weather.

On Tuesday, the 8th, a pilot came aboard, and his appearance was greeted with delight by those of us who longed for the land. That day, at dinner, it being the last time that we should dine together, some painful attempts were made at singing, but they did not succeed, even the patriotic tune of "America" breaking down at the first verse. That evening, however, on deck, we were compensated by a group of musical young ladies who sang "When the swallows homeward fly" "Home, sweet home" and similar gems with capital effect, eliciting rounds of applause. The next morning September, 9th, we were running off New York harbor and at 10 a. m. were at the Cunard packet pier at Jersey City, after a tempestuous voyage of nearly twelve days. From New York we took the night train, and after a few hours more found ourselves at our destination.

Having now brought my wanderings to an end for the present, I will take leave of your indulgent readers, hoping that if I have at any time amused or interested them, I may at some future time be enabled to repeat it.

E. Q. P.

AUTUMN.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE earth is turning brown, dear,
The earth is turning brown;
The birds, full-grown, have already flown,
And the leaves are whirling down.
There's no green grass in the lane, child,
There are no red berries in the wood;
The world is no longer at Spring, child,
It has chosen another mood.

There's not a nest but hangs confessed,
Empty and quite forlorn;
The frogs have forgotten the score of June,
The crickets have come and gone;
Rose trees that bloomed in the summer noon
Have nothing left but a thorn.

Yet think you nature loves not as well
Her season of dumb repose?
Think you she misses the bluebird's swell,
The robin's trill, the thrush's thrill,
Or even the fragrant rose?
I trow she knows that the drifting snows,
Are good for the dreaming flowers;
That Spring doth borrow a hint from sorrow
Of these bare, brown Autumn hours,

Whether the earth be brown, child,
Whether the sky be blue,
Whether the roses be plenty,
Or whether the lilies be few,
There's always work in the vineyard,
Waiting for me or for you,
Then let us smile in the Autumn,
Let us be glad in the Spring,
Knowing the final rejoicing,
Depends on the sheaves that we bring.

Our Young Folks for October.

THE LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. L. MARIA CHILD.

LOOKING out upon a dreary, drizzling rain, as I passed to and fro, busy with house affairs, Imagination flew away from the actual, as she often does, and carried me up to a brighter atmosphere, in whose light were revealed many smiling memory-pictures, literary and artistic. Then the spirit of analysis walked into my waking dream, and began to ask, What *is* this love of Beauty? And what is its real value? Some greatly underrate its influence on character, while others consider it an element of education only second in importance to the cultivation of the moral sentiments. These last are often reminded that artists are far from being model men. Very true. But, admitting all the deficiencies that mark them as a class, I still think the character produced by genuine devotion to Art, is on the whole, of a nobler type than that produced by other pursuits. They have great faults, mainly resulting from that extreme sensitiveness of temperament which makes them artists; but these are compensated by greater freedom and spontaneity, a child-like earnestness and unworldliness, and the enviable power of deriving great happiness from such very simple things as a glowing bit of moss, or some peculiar reflection of light upon a cloud.

With Plato, beauty seems to have been only another name for God—significant of the creative power of the universe. The importance he ascribes to music as an element of education seems to us moderns extremely exaggerated, especially when we remember how imperfect music was among the Greeks, and consider the low state of our morality, who are living in the midst of Mendelssohn's "pontifical march of harmonies," and Beethoven's choral "music of the spheres." But Plato meant much more by beauty and by music than we understand by those words. To him they signified the spirit of harmonious proportions and graceful fitness in all things. From this point of view a due subordination of the instincts to the sentiments would be one form of music, and perfect manners would be another form. Does a loving contemplation of external beauty help to produce such results? I think it does. I have been asked, "What is the use of a flower-garden?" I did not try to explain. For to-reason upon the subject with minds in such state would be like describing colors to the blind; and, if I had answered,

"Beauty is its own excuse for being,"

it would have been, in two senses, talking Greek to the questioner. Yet sometimes an internal voice troubles me with similar queries. The other day, when I was gazing upon the Venus of Milo, with a feeling more akin to worship than Cromwell would have understood or approved, the thought came to my mind, Are you any better woman for being so enamored of beauty?

"The maimed form
Of calmly joyous beauty, marble-limbed,
Yet breathing with the thought that shaped its lips,
Looked mild reproach"

upon my narrow thought. I felt that this kind of pleasure must necessarily produce a distaste for all things low, and coarse and dissonant. That this wonderful fragment of antiquity was reproduced in plaster did not diminish my enjoyment of it; for it was admirably done, and the glowing white of the material was beautifully softened in its tint. Workers in plaster differ as much as workers in marble. The soul of a true artist reveals itself through all deficiencies of material; and he who can copy beauty well cannot be without innate perceptions of beauty. I leave it to the pride of wealth to scorn good copies of good things. For my own part I greatly rejoice in their multiplication, which is rendering beauty of form and color a universal feast to the eyes of men. For this reason I have taken a lively interest in the perfection of chromos which have already begun to produce agreeable changes in the people's homes. In my father's parlor hung a picture, on which my oldest sister spent many weeks stitching the figure of a mournful female, leaning upon a tomb, in a very uneasy attitude, with a great weeping-willow over her head, that bore less resemblance to a tree than to a ragged green umbrella. Now, the cost of her materials would purchase the charming little chromo of Whittier's "Barefoot Boy," standing in the midst of a pleasant landscape, with his hands thrust independently into his pockets, and his handsome eyes looking out upon the world with the most contented innocence. I am glad Mr. Johnson painted this picture, and that Mr. Prang has copied it so faithfully. It has always seemed to me the greatest reward an author could have to see his thoughts take visible form under an artistic hand. Whittier richly deserves this reward, and his writings are well calculated to produce it. How pictorial are his words? How distinct in its loveliness is the scenery he produces through the medium of his pen! With his worshipful love of all things fair and gentle, it required a powerful conscience to spend years, as he did, in blowing the loud trumpet of reform. Enthusiastic as I am in my love of beauty, I think the most beautiful thing of all is to see it made subordinate to moral convictions. But I doubt whether Friend Whittier was ever conscious of doing this. He had a natural genius for it, and did it with characteristic, unconsciousness of genius. He could not sing of beauty in presence of a trampled brother. He could not play while Rome was burning. It is a fitting recompense that time should deal with his poetic gift as it does with generous wine, making its flavor even richer and more mellow. And it is pleasant to note that the popularity so long withheld from him, coming in the afternoon of his life, produces no change in the childlike simplicity of his character. When he wrote his lines to John Brown, I told him I thought his Quakerism prevented his doing full justice to the noble old Puritan. He replied: "Maria, I have seen one of his pikes; and truly it did not look like a Christian weapon." When he wrote his Port Royal song, I was so captivated with it that I wrote to him, I was obliged to lay awake o' nights to repeat it. He answered: "Maria, I am pleased as a boy that thee likes my piece."

Of all outward forms of beauty, literary pictures are to me the most refreshing. When the cares and anxieties of life oppress me, I turn to Mrs. Stowe's vivid, description of the home of Agnes in Sorrento, and the picturesque entrance to the convent; and it seems like resting in a lovely valley when weary of stumbling over stones. The charming prose idyl of Walpurga, in Auerbach's book, "On the Hights," places me among the scenes it describes, and makes me forgetful of all troubles. And what a gallery for mèmory is contained in that remarkable poem, "The Spanish Gipsy," where every character and every scene is a life-breathing picture!

Decidedly, the love of the beautiful multiplies our sources of innocent enjoyment, and thus leaves less room in the soul for mean thoughts and ignoble pleasures. When selfishly indulged, it becomes desecrated, like all good gifts. But, unperverted, its influence is refining; and whatever renders man less rude and coarse places him in more harmonious relations with the good and the true, and renders him more receptive of their influence.—*The Independent.*

COUNTING BABY'S TOES.

DEAR little bare feet,
Dimpled and white,
In your long night-gown
Wrapped for the night,
Come let me count all
Your queer little toes,
Pink as the heart
Of a shell or a rose!

One is a lady
That sits in the sun;
Two is a baby,
And three is a nun;
Four is a lily
With innocent breast;
And five is a birdie
Asleep on her nest.

FLOWERS.—Flowers teach us the tenderness of God's character. If he had made nothing of this kind, if his works had been for bare utility, and had consisted of coarse and more substantial creations only, the tender side of the divine character would have failed of the revelation it now has in nature. You cannot come across a delicate, trembling flower in the shade of a wood, so small that your heel could crush out its life with one careless step, but that you will think how gentle God must be, who made this flower in its exquisite beauty to live there, and daily cares for it in the regular course of his providence.

Following the same idea, the sleep of the flowers touches our sympathies. Many of them at night will fold their petals closely together, and like the darlings of a kind mother, repose trustfully in the care of their Creator. And during the long, dark night, they gather the dews which distil in the quiet air, and when day comes, the first beams of the morning fall on millions of glittering drops, and flash back from leaf and bud, and petal, and grassy blade in such brilliance that the whole waving and nodding field of blooming beauty seems dressed in gems more resplendent than any dream of oriental magnificence. So it may be with us it in the night of this somewhat sombre life, we draw to ourselves the dews of heavenly grace. We may hope that when eternity fully dawns, the morning light of our Father's love will glance upon these jewels which we have gathered near the cross, and so light them up as to cover us with glory.—*The Pacific.*

THE VICTORY.

TO DO the tasks of life, and be not lost;
To mingle, yet dwell apart;
To be by roughest seas how rudely tossed,
Yet bate no jot of heart;

To hold thy course among the heavenly stars,
Yet dwell upon the earth;
To stand behind Fate's firm-laid prison-bars,
Yet win all Freedom's worth!

The Radical for October.

THOREAU says: "In proportion as our inward life fails, we go more constantly and desperately to the post-office. You may depend upon it, that the poor fellow who walks away with the greatest number of letters, proud of his extensive correspondence, has not heard from himself this long while."

IT is pleasant to see refinement penetrating into retired homes. The more piano, the less wolf, the less dirt. The beautiful should never be out of thought. It is as right that the bread should be put upon the table in a comely shape as that it should be eaten.—*Emerson.*

JOHN G. WHITTIER says: "Nothing that I have done has satisfied me; and I am painfully sensible of my defects as a writer, but I suppose no one comes up to the ever-eluding ideal."

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*** All communications are to be addressed THE RADICAL, Lock Box 132, Boston, Mass.
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